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Werner's Readings and Recitations

No. 50

Girl Impersonations

WRITTEN, COMPILED, OR ARRANGED BY
STANLEY SCHELL

EDGAR S. WERNER & COMPANY
NEW YORK

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WERNER'S READINGS AND RECITATIONS NO. 50

PART I.
PROSE IMPERSONATIONS: Monologues, Recitals.

PART II.
VERSE IMPERSONATIONS: Monologues, Recitals.

PART III.
PLAYS: Exercises, Drills, Tableaux, Pantomimes.

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Werner's Readings and Recitations

No. 50

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PART I.
GIRL PROSE IMPERSONATIONS

WAY GIRLS STUDY.

[Girl, seated at table, stage center, with books scattered about and spread open at places she must study, holds open book and is frowning heavily. Girl chum is supposed to come in later.]

I DON'T see why Miss Brown gives us so much arithmetic. I've said that table over three times and don't know it yet.

[*Gets up and walks floor while studying as follows*:]

"8 times one are 8"—
Dear me, I wish I could go out and skate.
"8 times 2 are 16"—
Wasn't Nellie's dress a dream?
"8 times 3 are 24"—
Dear me, I wish old Jack wouldn't snore.
"8 times 4 are 32"—
I really do think a lot of Sue.
"8 times 5 are forty"—
Old Jack, you are very naughty.
"8 times 6 are 48"—
There is Nell outside the gate.
"8 times 9 are 72"—
There must be something in my shoe.
"8 times 10 are 80"—
Oh, this makes my head so achy.
"8 times 11 are 88"—
Soon I'll write this on my slate.
"8 times 12 are 96"—
Hurrah! I'm through that horrid mix.

Thank goodness, that's done; now I can study my geography.

[*Throws book into chair, grabs geography; tramps up and down as before, but this time pats belt occasionally as she studies.*]

"A river is a stream of water flowing through the land"—
I wish I were down by the river now. I'd wade knee deep.
"A mountain is a high elevation of land"—
That's where I wish we were now, gathering wild-flowers.
"A lake is an inland sea or a body of water surrounded by land"—
Why, that's almost like an island—oh, no, it isn't.
"An island is a body of land entirely surrounded by water"—
A lake and an island are just turned around, one is water and the other is land, with something around them.

Thank goodness, that's all the new lesson she gave. Now, I'll review, and my geography is done—but, here's Nellie. Say, Nellie, let's review our geography lesson together. Know yours? You're smart. Then hear me say mine. All right, I'll study my spelling then, and you can go over the history.

[*Puts geography on chair and picks up another book which she appears to hand to other girl. Goes to table and picks up another book and studies aloud. Pats herself at front belt in time with words spelled.*]

"Kitchen—Kit-chen—Kitchen"—a good place to be.
"Kitchen—Kit-chen—Kitchen."
"Stove—S-t-o-v-e—Stove"—a good place to bake.
"Stove—S-t-o-v-e—Stove."
"Cooking—Cook-ing—Cooking"—wish it were apple-dumplings.
"Cooking—Cook-ing—Cooking."
"Cookies—Cook-ies—Cookies"—sorry it is baking-day.
"Cookies—Cook-ies—Cookies."
"Molasses—Mo-las-ses—Molasses"—just sweet enough for me.

That is the way to spell molasses—just wait till I look in the dictionary and see.

[*Goes to table and looks in dictionary.*]

Now, Miss Smarty, I'm right, see, here it is—Mo-las-ses.

[*Begins to study again.*]

"Molasses—Mo-las-ses—Molasses."
"Stupid—stu-pid—stupid"—
That's what you are, Nellie.
"Stupid—stu-pid—stupid."
"Beefsteak—beef-steak—beefsteak."
"Beefsteak—beef-steak—beefsteak"—tough when fried.
"Sirloin—sir-loin—sirloin."

A king of England named it that. It was just plain loin of beef; and, because he liked it, he knighted it "Sirloin."

There, that lesson is done, and I've just one more lesson, and then I'm done for to-day.

[*Picks up music-book and fairly glares at it.*]

I do believe I shall learn to hate music—it's nothing but scales, anyway—it's "ye, ya, ya," up and down, and in and out, until one seems all twisted. Dearie me, there go the girls, if I don't get through before they turn that corner, I can't catch up with them and find out where they are going.

Let me see, first the scale. [*Sings.*]

"do" [*low*], "do" [*high*].

Don't shriek like that? I don't call that screaming. This I would——

[*Screams out.*] "Do" [*low*], "do" [*high*].

Awful? That's glorious; sounds as if I were rejoicing because this is the last lesson.

[*Sings scale drawlingly.*]

"Do-h—re-e—me-ee—fa-ah-ah—so—l-ol—la-ah-ah—
ti—ee-ee—do—oh—ah——"

Worse and more of it? You shall certainly have it. If that's all you want——

"Do-oh-oh—re-a-a-a—me-ee-ee-e—fa-ah-ah—sol-
ol-ol—me-ee-ee—re-e—a—doh—oh-oh-oh!"

You'll keep still? I'm glad, for now I can get through. [*Sings again.*]

"Doh-re-doh," low-low-low. [*Second group is burlesque.*]
"Doh-me-doh," me-me-doh.
"Doh-fa-doh," fa-fa-doh.
"Doh-sol-doh," sol-sol-doh.
"Doh-la-doh," la-la-la.
"Doh-ti-doh," ti-ti-doh.
"Doh—Doh." [*Finishes with high "doh," screaming it out.*]

Wasn't that fine? Now, I'll sing the song and then I'm through. You run and catch the girls and keep them a minute. [*Sings slowly and carefully, drawling every syllable.*]

"I like little pussy,
Her coat is so warm,
And if I don't hurt her,
She'll do me no harm.

"I'll not pull her tail,
Nor drive her away,
But pussy and I,
Very gently will play."

Hurrah! Hurrah! I'm done at last, and not a mistake.

[*Flings book into chair, stops, gathers up books, starts on run for door, singing as she goes.*]

"I like little pussy, I like little pussy."

PREPARING FOR THE SPEAKING CONTEST.

[Girl sits frowning at open page in book she is holding. Slams book on table and jumps up. Speaks and acts in exaggerated style. Older person supposed to be present.]

WHAT a dunce I was to promise to speak at that contest! Here I've been three weeks and over trying to learn the thing. I never worked so hard in my whole life before. If I ever promise to do such a thing again I hope papa whips me. Yes, I deserve it. I suppose I may as well do my best. To-morrow's the contest, and Jack Johnson will not get the prize, if I can

help it. Let's see now, teacher says, "The bow is most important; it starts one with a good impression." If it only makes people listen, that's all I care for.

You think I can succeed if I do my best? Then I'll do my best, and you have promised to help me.

[*Steps forward, hands hanging loosely at sides, bows low. Stands a moment perfectly still, draws in deep breath and with timid, little woe-begone smile, begins.*]

"A ship bounds o'er the open sea,
Concealed by fog and night;
The waves are foaming over it,
Dashed by the wild storm's might."

Oh, dear, I know I forgot that swing of the arm—let me see. [*Reading from book*:] "Swing right arm from right shoulder across body to left at 'bounds' in line 1." I'll have to begin over again, that's all.

[*Steps forward, bows low, stands, going through same business as before.*]

"A ship bounds" [*wild sweep of right arm across body to left*] "o'er the open sea,
Concealed by fog and night;" [*lets hand drop slowly back to side*],
"The waves are foaming over it,
Dashed by the wild storm's might."

Let me see, teacher says on "two," in next line, to put out both hands, with palms down, and look down and press hard on "two hundred slaves."

"Two" [*thrusts hands out suddenly*] "hundred slaves" [*turns palms downward*] "lie prisoned there" [*looks downward*]
"Between the narrow beams,
Half wakened by the howling storm,
Half brooding savage dreams."

Dear me, I forgot to put up my hand on "storm."

"Half wakened by the howling storm" [*rubs eyes slightly and peers slowly front*],
Half brooding savage dreams."

Wasn't that pretty good? Don't jab my hand out so—make it more sweeping—like this,—as if the water was really there? All right, I'll do the first line over again.

"A ship bounds" [*makes sweeping gesture*] "o'er the open sea——"

Splendid? Oh, I'm so glad you came. Now, I'll try the next. Read all the things teacher wrote first? I will. She says: "Read with feeling; clasp hands under chin on 'themselves'; put right arm around and in front of face to cover it a little on 'feel'; clasp hands as if in prayer on 'they'; move a little forward and kneel during rest of stanza." That's a lot to remember. Now, listen!

"They see themselves, like laboring beasts,
Sold on a foreign shore;"

Feeling enough, but I didn't put my hands under my chin? Dear, dear, shall I ever remember? Teacher says to press on "scourge."

"They see themselves, like" [*clasps hands hastily under chin*]
"laboring beasts,
Sold on a foreign shore;
They feel the scourge's heavy blows" [*sweeps arm around to protect face*],
"The sunbeams scorching sore.

"They" [*suddenly clasps hands as if about to pray*] "pray with fervent soul, aloud,
Amidst the storm and rain:
'O Heaven! release, with sudden death,
Us from such lasting pain!'"

There [*spoken in triumph*], pretty good? I call that splendid—what? forgot to kneel in last line? [*Looks sheepish.*] Shall I do it all over again? Yes? Here goes.

[*Recites whole stanza over, doing very well, except in second line she raises arm as if using a whip and then suddenly sweeps it around as if in protection of face.*]

In the last stanza teacher says to do it out loud. I can do that easy enough, but I don't think I can remember all the things she says. "Connect the things said with the words themselves?" How? Oh, I see how easy that would be. I'll try it that way.

"Soon, over slaves and sailors ['swing right hand to right and left hand to left with shaking palms'], howls
The storm with savage might."

[*Stops, puzzled; frowns heavily.*]

What are you laughing at? You told me to do that. Yes, you did. Not say the directions out loud, but think them in between as you do them? Oh! I understand now.

"Soon, over slaves and sailors" [*swings right hand to right and left hand to left, with shaking palms*], "howls
The storm with savage might;
No beacon shines—the lightning's flash" [*points sharply upward with right hand*]
"Alone illumines the night."

I should have pressed harder on "alone"—"alone illumines the night."

"The captain cries:" [*steps forward and looks up*] "'O Allah, help!
Save us from danger, save!'
The slaves below call wildly out:
'O Lord, give us' [*yells*] 'the grave!'"

Not so loud? Teacher said loud.

"And fierce and fiercer drives the storm" [*shoves hand out as if pushing someone before her*],
"The ship bounds" [*makes bounding motion with both hands before her*] "madly on!" [*Presses very hard on "madly".*]
"Suddenly" [*stops abruptly and looks down*] "it strikes upon a rock" [*says these words most emphatically and deliberately*]
"And splits—all hope is gone!" [*Shakes head as if all hope is gone.*]

"And from the wreck" [*shakes hands out front with palms out and speaks most sorrowfully and emphatically*] "'O woe, O woe!'
Howls loudly o'er the sea." [*Gives last line with great emphasis.*]
"But from two hundred lips resound:
'Hail, Lord! we now are free!'" [*On last six words she looks up and extends hands to heaven.*]

Don't put so many gestures in last stanza? Why, teacher said to do so, and she ought to know better than you, because you have

never studied elocution. Yes, I know you have always helped me; and, when I have done what you said, I have been praised. Yes, I will listen while you recite it, and if it does sound better I will recite as you do

[*Sits and seems to listen. Whole face glows with joy and understanding. By time last line is reached, she is impersonating gestures she seems to be watching. Gets up and imitates what she has heard.*]

Well done? I'm so glad I listened. I'll practise it that way, and to-night you will come and hear me. I do hope I succeed in doing the piece well. It's worth more to speak it right, than it is to think so much about getting a prize. I'm going to speak the piece so it will be understood, even if Jack Johnson wins.

LITTLE TEACHER.

[Girl addresses doll, which is seated in chair.]

WELL, little girl, you wish to come to school, do you? I hope you are a very good girl, and will not give me any trouble. What is your name? Lucy, is it? Well, Lucy, do you know your letters? Can you read and spell and write? You don't know anything, eh? How shocking! Well, then, I will try to teach you how to spell your name the first thing, because every little girl, when she is as big as you, ought to know how to spell her name. Lucy—that's an easy name to spell. Now say "L"—you can remember that if you'll just think of "Aunt El."; then "U"—u, remember, not me—that's L-U. Next comes "C"—that's what you do with your eyes, you know—"C." L-U-C, and the last is "Y," that's easy—"Y." Why, of course! And now you have it all!—L (for Aunt El.)—U (not me)—C (with your eyes), and Y (why, of course)—Lucy.

That is very good. You'll soon be a good scholar, I see! Now you may take a recess.

PRAYING FOR FATHER.

[Girl kneeling on rug at mother's feet. Mother supposed to be present, in chair near open fire.]

MOTHER dear, where's father? He never seems to be home any more. Doesn't he love home any more, and you, and me? Oh, I know he loves me, for he has said so over and over again.

Mother dear, wouldn't it be nice if father would take me and you and Bennie to the park like he used to do? He never has been nice since that man opened a saloon on the corner. We used to think him such a nice man, when he lived next door to us and had a feed-store. A saloon isn't nice, mother dear, I guess, because father stays in it now instead of here with us, and when he kisses me he has such a queer breath. Do you like his breath now? No? Why not, mother dear, isn't it a healthy one? You know, you once said that healthy breaths showed healthy people. Oh, I wish father would come now and play with me like he used to do. My—didn't we have fun! [*Sighs.*] Time to go to bed—must say my prayer now? Oh, mother, just a minute more, just one tiny little minute; you know father may come, and then [*face glows with joy*]—little girls must be obedient? Yes, mother dear, yes, mother dear.

[*Bends head as if at mother's knee; prays as follows:*]

"Now I lay me down to sleep
I know that God his child doth keep,
I know that God, my life, is nigh,
I live in Him, so cannot die.
Dear God, bless Father, Mother and little me."

[*Lifts head a moment and looks into mother's face as if troubled.*]

"Bless father, bless father, and—please—please send him home now—and please send him home sober. God bless father, and bless mother and me, but please—please—bless father—and please—please—send him home sober—real sober. Amen."

[*Rises and looks lovingly at mother.*]

Mother, I know God is sending father home. I know it—I know it—he is coming now—mother he is at the door.

[*Door opens suddenly. Girl looks joyous.*]

Father! Father! Father! you have come. You have come! God answered my prayer soon. I knew He would. I knew He would.

Never again, father—never again? Dear mother, if father never, never drinks again, then we can have all the good times we had before.

Father dear, will you not play with me just like you used to do?—you will?—oh, lovely, lovely, lovely! Wait until I put my slippers on, and you be the horse and I'll be the driver. Dear, dear father! [*Exits.*]

WHAT BECAME OF THE KITTEN.

[Girl sits in rocking-chair with doll clasped in arms. Stops rocking and looks off as if gazing at another.]

AUNTY, don't you think my doll looks sweet? She was given me by Aunt Bess. Yes, I'm very fond of her, but I don't just like the color of her hair. I prefer golden hair. You know mine is golden and I always like my hair and my dollie's hair to match.

[*Fusses with doll's dress and shoes.*]

Aunty, why don't cats have blond hair? I've always wanted a blond cat. Uncle Tom sent me a red-haired one, but I couldn't carry it about because it made my curls look so faded. Now, a real blond cat would be a treasure—a Teddy-bear? Oh, I did have one and enjoyed so much carrying it on the board-walk at the seashore, but they are no longer fashionable.

A 'possum? I think they are horrid. I don't care who li' them—I don't! I'm going to make it stylish to carry a cat a I must have a real blond one. Won't you try to get me one? Y are such a darling, aunty, to promise. [*Fusses with doll.*]

Aunty, what became of that gray kitten you had when I was here? You don't know? Why, don't you know? Was she poisoned? No? Drowned? No? Well, what in the world did become of her? Grew into a cat? Oh, what a tease you are. I'm going to tell that to Uncle Tom. Such a joke on me. [*Runs off stage.*]

FUN AT GRANDMA'S.

[Girl, speaker present, talks directly to audience.]

ONE Christmas day at grandmamma's, we all dressed up for fun, and sat in a line and called them in to look, when we were done. We never laughed a single time, but sat in a solemn row. Tommy was Queen Elizabeth, and Jane had an Alsace bow. Freddy was bound to be a nun (though he didn't look it a bit!) and Katy made a Welsh-woman's hat and sat down under it. Sister was Madame de Maintenon, or some such Frenchy dame; and Jack had a Roman toga on, and took a classic name. As for poor me, I really think I came out best of all, though I hadn't a thing for dressing up, except Dinah's bonnet and shawl. Well, grandma laughed and grandpa laughed, and all admired the show; I wish you'd seen us sitting there, so solemn, in a row!

TRYING TO TELL A STORY.

[Girl, speaker present. Her brothers and sisters, supposed to be present.]

NOW, Jack, you and May may sit here, and Tommy and Alice may sit there. Albert and Louis, you're almost too big to listen; but, if you are quiet and don't interrupt, I'll tell you the story Uncle Ned told yesterday afternoon.

[*Pantomimes watching children take seats.*]

Albert, it's mean to pull Alice's hair. Leave Tommy alone. Yes, I saw you pinch him. Please, do sit down.

[*Smiles as if all were behaving well; speaks in grand tone.*]

Well [*drawling*], once upon a time there was a house divided against itself [*looking around to see if all understand*]. You all understand that, don't you [*in sweet, insinuating tone*]? Perfectly? How lovely. Well [*drawling as before*], the family consisted of a pa, a ma and two girls—three, Jack? Well [*drawling*], maybe it was three, but as pa doesn't appear, we'll consider him not in it.

The girls were very plain looking, but the youngest was the fairest to look upon you ever saw. I said two girls before, and now I said three? So I did, but this third girl wasn't born when my story began. She was born, but she didn't come into the story then. She was born when her sisters were ten years old.

The plain sisters treated the pretty girl very badly. They made her sit in the corner, and dust, and sweep, and sew, and mend, and—do the work of two hired girls, Jack? Yes, that is true. And she was very unhappy. One day the king gave a dance for his son—the prince, Albert? Yes, the prince, and all the girls, except this pretty one, were invited and were wild to go. The fairest girl had a name, I suppose? Oh, yes, you silly, all girls have names. Not when they are first born? Well, hardly, but they do soon after. Well, her name was Lucinda Ella. She didn't get any invitation to go to that dance and she wanted to go very much.

Just like Eve? Who is Eve? First woman mentioned in the Bible? Oh, well, I haven't gotten so high in history as you have. The minister reads from the Bible every Sunday? Oh, then I guess I have heard about Eve. She was made from a rib. Do you know, I heard sister tell her beau once that it was no wonder Eve was so slim. Shouldn't talk such things? Who started it, I'd like to know. Dear, dear! if I don't hurry I'll never get through.

When the two oldest girls were dressed, you could easily see their ma had spent all her savings to make them look fine, but they were only scarecrows after all. Tell about their dresses, Jack? You know boys never know anything about clothes. Well, they had on sky-blue pelisse, yellow jerseys, pink pumps, gray gauze frocks that stood out all around like hay-stacks, and a bunch of

feathers on top of their heads, and that was how they were dressed.

[*Looks around proudly at listeners.*]

No, they went away in an auto and Lucinda Ella was left weeping by the fire, and her tears fell so fast that she had to move back because they—turned into lye? Why, Jack, how you talk! It's not true. Not one bit. No, it was because it was too hot, and suddenly a light came down the chimney, and when it got to Lucinda Ella, it became a fine coach. And a funny lady sat in it and she jumped out and told Lucinda Ella she was her godmother and had come to help her get ready for the dance.

Made a gown out of a spider's web? No, she didn't, she just waved a wand and the gown Lucinda Ella had on disappeared and a new and beautiful gown appeared in its place. Lucinda Ella went out and brought in the mouse-trap and in it were four mice which the godmother changed into splendid horses with fine harness on.

Yarn? It's true; a fairy godmother can change anything into anything she likes; and your fairy godmother may change you into a bull-frog, if you interrupt again.

Yes, she went to the dance and the prince fell in love with her, and she tried to get away, but the prince caught her by the foot, but she pulled her foot out of her slipper and ran. As soon as she got home, her dress was gone and she was in rags again. Her sisters came back and told about the beautiful lady and how she had disappeared, but that the prince was going to find her by the tiny slipper she had left in his hand. Her name wasn't Lucinda Ella? It was, too, for Uncle Ned said so. Cinder-ella—all one word? Yes, that is it, but it sounded the other way.

She married the prince? Please, Albert, let me tell it. Yes, it has taken a long time, but you and Jack kept interrupting so often. The prince found her in the kitchen, after he had tried all the other ladies, and the slipper fitted, and so he married her. She did live happy ever after, Jack! She did, too, for you never heard

of a prince who ever made her unhappy, and she had seven sons and daughters.

Another yarn? No book ever said that. Well, I think she did, because she was so good. I'm never going to tell a story again when you and Albert are around. Come on Alice and Tommy, we'll go and get Uncle Ned to tell us another story.

OBSERVATIONS OF LITTLE KATIE.

I'M just nine years old. My brother is Bill, and he is twelve, and my big sister is Alice Maude, and she is nineteen. She's grown up, ma says. She's only ten years more than I am, and yet only ten seems such a lot to a little girl like me. She never associates with me, and so I never do with her. I don't care either, because I can have more fun than those dressed-up, big girls can. And when I get big I won't be conceited, either. Alice Maude is very vain. Ma says she can hardly stand her airs, and pa says she exasperates him. I got that big word out, but it wasn't easy. My brother Bill is awful wild. Ma says I mustn't say "awful," but say "very" instead; but if you could see how our Bill acts, I think you, too, would say he certainly was awful. Why, hiding behind sofa or chairs in the parlor when there's company isn't half as awful. Cook calls Bill and me disgraces to respectable families, and black sheep. I don't really know what I've done to get such names unless it is because I hid her spectacles, or took cookies from the kitchen-table; or maybe it was because I stoned that yellow cat of hers. At any rate, those little things do not need such strong names. Oh, there I think, I do know why she calls Bill and me such names. The other night Alice Maude's best beau came, dressed swell. He's such a jolly fellow, and is always joking Bill and me, that we thought we'd try a trick or two on him to get square. We tied strings to the rugs to pull them when the lovers were on them. Alice rushed to meet him and he rushed to her, and we pulled the strings, and they both fell. Alice Maude let out a yell, and so did he, and we ran. Alice Maude didn't speak to me, but ma did, and with her

slipper. It hurt some, but wasn't half so much as what Bill got from pa. Bill yelled and yelled, but pa didn't seem to mind his noise and didn't stop until Bill promised he'd never do such a thing again. Ma preached a long sermon about the danger of breaking another's bones and that doing evil things always brought evil results. I knew that, because I still feel some of them. Pa told Bill that wicked people really never have any pleasure in being wicked. Pain was sure to follow wicked deeds. Bill told me he agreed with pa and never intended to do anything again like that. If Bill doesn't, I certainly won't, because only boys think about doing those wicked things.

DICKY'S CHRISTMAS.

[Girl sits in small rocker making doll's clothes. Near her another little girl is supposed to be seated.]

I LIKE Dicky. He has a nice, round, freckled face. I got acquainted with him down by our back fence. I guess my folks didn't know much about that back fence. Dicky and I found a hole in the fence, and we played store through it, and cat's cradle, and told stories to each other.

Once I told him about Christmas at grandpa's house. How we all go there—uncles, aunts, cousins—everybody, and have the best kind of a time. And such dinners! Pies and cakes—oh, ever so many kinds; and nuts and oranges. You ought to have seen his eyes! Dicky said he never had such a Christmas.

Wouldn't you feel sorry for a little boy that didn't ever see a real Christmas? I knew you would. He never tasted turkey, and he didn't even know what mince-pies were like! I wished I could ask him to go to grandpa's at Christmas, but I guessed the big folks wouldn't like it. I thought a whole lot about it, and every time I saw him he would ask if I couldn't take him to grandpa's at Christmas just once.

So, I thought it all out and when mamma told me she would go to church Christmas morning and that, as soon as I was ready, I could go straight to grandpa's, I knew what to do. So I went to the back fence and called Dicky.

Afraid? Of what? I was only going to let Dicky have a peek. When I told Dicky to come along and I would hide him where he could see all the good things and what we did, he danced for joy. When we got to the house I made him stay outside until I could hide him. We slipped into the dining-room, and when he saw things he just stared and stared. I looked everywhere for a good place, and finally hid him in the big clock. He was pretty crowded, but he could see through the glass all that went on.

Hannah, the maid, came in just then and told me to do anything I pleased, and when I got tired I could go into the kitchen and watch the cook make the pretty things. Soon the folks came and I promised Dicky some of the good things, if he only kept still. We had a jolly time at the table and everybody seemed so happy until the clock suddenly began to go "whir-r-r-r," and then to strike, as if it were crazy, and out of that clock fell Dicky! He was almost frightened to death, and I ran and put my arms around him and turned and glared at grandpa.

Grandpa said, "What in the world——"; but I stopped him right away. "No, he isn't a burglar, grandpa," I said. "He's just 'one of the least' that the Bible tells about; I'm most sure he is, and that's why I hid him there, because he hadn't ever seen Christmas. I was going to save him some of my turkey, and cake, and raisins, and nuts and an orange, and it wouldn't have done any one a bit of harm, if only that old clock hadn't begun to make a fuss. Please be kind to him, grandpa. It is all my fault—I brought him here."

What did grandpa say? He didn't say a word for a moment, but he took out his handkerchief and wiped his spectacles. He took Dicky and me right into his arms and hugged us, and said: "Nobody in this house shall say an unkind word to either of you. You have taught us a lesson." Then he turned to the others and said: "Think of it, children—'Unto one of the least of these, unto Me!' We'll turn over a new leaf. Every Christmas we will invite someone like Dicky and let him enjoy Christmas with us." Then he had Dicky sit next to him, and you ought to have seen the good things he put on his plate! Dicky looked astonished,

but soon was eating and laughing with the rest; and, after we got through eating, we all played games, and later the tree was lighted and grandpa called off Dicky's name from the tree, and he had a lot of nice things there too. Grandpa said, "Santa must have put them there while we were playing games." After we all had our Christmas gifts, we formed a ring and sang a Christmas carol, dancing around the tree.

Yes, grandpa has Dicky come over to the house every few days and Dicky is going to school soon. He's going to try to learn, so he can help grandpa in the store.

You'll have to go now. I hear your mother calling. Come to-morrow, and we'll do some more sewing. Good-bye.

ORIGIN OF THE SPIDER.

[Girl, standing stage center and pantomiming listening to person talking, shakes head and laughs heartily.]

UNCLE TOM, I don't believe you ever will be serious. You know very well that spiders were never made from flies. Yes, you do, and I can tell you why I know. The other day teacher read to us from a book about spiders, and said the Greeks gave us the true origin of them, and that they were truly beautiful because they were so industrious and could weave such splendid webs.

No, Uncle Tom, she truly did say "beautiful," for spiders certainly do spin wondrous webs.

What's my yarn? Now, Uncle, don't call it a "yarn." You know the Greeks always have such beautiful meanings for everything. Well, teacher read that in Greece, long, long ago, there lived a girl, Arachne by name. From morn to night she would sit and weave, and weave, and weave. Tiresome? I don't think so, for she made many beautiful things. But she got vain because none could do as well as she, and people came from all over just to see her beautiful work.

One day, Minerva, Queen of the Air, came and gazed at her work. She then said: "If you can weave such beautiful things, and

if you think that no one else can do as well, suppose you and I have a contest to see which one can weave the prettier things."

Arachne agreed. Very foolish? I don't think so, because she could really do such nice work.

Don't try to hurry me, Uncle Tom. You know a good story can never be told in a second. The Queen of the Air insisted, however, that if her work was finer than that of Arachne, that Arachne must never spin again. Arachne promised, because she felt sure that none could equal her. The Queen went away to return in three days.

On the third day Minerva returned and Arachne began to weave. The people stood in wonder and shouted for joy at the wonderful results. Arachne was very glad. Everybody felt sure of her winning.

The Queen of the Air began her work. High in the sky, and among the clouds, and among the stars and moon, she wove the most beautiful colors, the most delicate blues, pinks, yellows, greens, etc. There never was seen such exquisite weavings.

Arachne grew more and more sad when she saw the wondrous thing the Queen had woven. She knew she never again could engage in her beloved spinning.

Hard luck? I could have cried my eyes out for sorrow for her. But the Queen, seeing the tears falling from Arachne's eyes, said: "You will have to keep your promise; but, since you love the work so much, I will make it possible for you to carry it on." She then lifted her spear into the air, waved it twice above Arachne's head, touched her on the shoulder, and right then and there Arachne was changed into a spider.

Sad fate? I don't think so. She can always do the thing she loves now, and every time you see a spider-web you will always know that Arachne is still living and working. I no longer dislike spiders since I heard that story. I shall always enjoy seeing them work.

I never spoke before to-day, the smallest girl am I;
And, as I've nothing much to say, I'll only say, "Good-bye."

FRIENDS: BLACK AND WHITE.

[White girl with doll; black girl with black doll, supposed to be present. Girl enters clasping doll in arms; reaching stage center and discovering black girl with doll, she gazes at her a moment and then with friendly smile speaks.]

SAY, you little black girl, please tell me your name. Why? Because I want you to play with me, and I can't talk to you if I don't know it. Lois? How strange, and mine is Irene. Now we'll play our dolls are real babies, and that yours is black, and mine is white, and that we are neighbors and always do right.

You come here and we'll show our babies to each other, so they will be acquainted. Oh, yes, they must shake hands so. Now they are real friends like their mothers. How cutely they look as we hold them together. [*Puts doll over as though holding it against black doll.*] It's black against white forever and ever. Not against white? No, black with white forever and ever.

Well, here is my house right here, and yours is over there. We'll pretend our dollies are sleepy, and both are crying, and you are to make yours hush and I am to make mine hush too.

[*Sits on small rocker, rocks and sings to doll; suddenly looks as if aghast at what she sees.*]

Oh, dear, how can you kiss it. It's black—don't you see. Black doesn't come off? It doesn't? No more than white trash? I'd have you to know my baby's no white trash.

I'll not play with you any more, and you can go right away. This is my street, and my house, and I'll sit on my stoop and sing:

"Rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye to my baby so fair."

[*Sits on chair and rocks and sings. Looks up suddenly, jumps up and speaks as if angry.*]

Go away, you black, black nigger. Don't you dare sit on my stoop. It's no place for niggers. Only white people can sit here —white people with golden hair. Go away, or I'll make you, you black, black ugly thing!

[*Seems to listen; face saddens a little as she looks down at doll.*]

God made you black and your dolly, too, just as He made me white and my dolly too? Yes, I believe that's true, for I've heard mother say so. I'm real sorry, you know, that I forgot, because by forgetting what mother said I also forgot what Abraham Lincoln said. Why, he told us to love our black brothers and to do unto them as we want that they should do unto us. I'm very sorry. Now, let's try once again. Here's my hand—hold it close and squeeze it hard, and we'll never quarrel again. We'll love each other and be true neighbors, and we'll love God, our Father, who made us all free.

HE SAID AN AWFUL THING.

[Small girl stands with indignant expression.]

I'M never, never going to speak to Johnnie Jones again. He teases me all the time, and pulls my kitty's tail, and slaps me. Sometimes he pinches me, and once he kicked me, and I told his ma and he hasn't ever done that since. But to-day he said an awful thing when he couldn't make his top spin. I don't think I ought to say it even to you. I know my mother wouldn't like me to. It was a great big swear word. O-ee! wasn't I scared, though. He said—he said—as he threw his top down, "Sam Hill," and he said it awful loud and awful mad too; and I just ran away here to tell you about it. I'm so sorry I can't play with him any more because he was the nicest looking boy on our street, and he was the only one that had blue eyes and didn't pull my little brother about, even if he did bother me. But, do you know, I liked it when he teased me. I'm so sorry about his swearing, and I don't know whether to tell mother or not. If I don't tell mother, perhaps I can play with him again.

If the men were so wicked, I'll ask my papa
How he dared to propose to my darling mamma?
Was he like the rest of them? Goodness! who knows?
And what should I do if a wretch should propose?

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

GIRL'S VIEW OF MEN AND WOMEN.

BOYS are men that haven't got to be as big as their papas, and girls are young women that will be young ladies by-and-by. Man was made before woman. When God looked at Adam He said to Himself: "Well, I guess I can do better than that, if I try again," and so He made Eve. God liked Eve so much better than Adam that there have been more women than men ever since. Boys are a trouble. They wear out everything but soap. If I had my way, half the boys in the world would be girls, and the rest would be dolls. My papa is so nice that I guess he must have been a little girl when he was a little boy.

LOVELY CONCERT.

[Girl enters, appearing to lead another girl. Looks around, rushes to piano, front of stage; suddenly turns to other girl.]

NELL, I'll tell you what we'll do. Since mother and Uncle Harry wouldn't take us with them, let us dress up in mother's best clothes and pretend we are to sing at a concert. You sit here; I will play and sing my piece first, then your turn comes. Don't want to do anything but listen? All right. But we will both dress, as that will make the concert more real.

[*Exits, returning in elaborate costume with long trail. Pantomimes that someone comes in with her and sits near piano. Goes to piano, adjusts piano-stool, opens book on rest, turns and bows to audience, seats herself with elaborate care, spreading gown well out on side nearest audience; pretends to play a few notes on piano and sings*:]

"In the sweet—eet—by-and-by—by and bye—
We shall mee-et-et—on that beau-it-ti-ful shor-or-or."

It is right! I guess I ought to know how it goes. I've heard mother sing it often enough. "There's a land?" Yes, that's the way it begins, but I'm singing the chorus first. Now, I shall have to sing that all over again. Yes, yes, I'll sing the first verse.

[*Plays a few notes, then sings, playing inharmoniously until stopped again.*]

"There's a land-an, tha-at is fair-ai-aier—than day-ay-ay,
And by fai-ai-aith we can se-ee-ee-e—it a—fa-ah-ah,
For-or-or—the fathe—er waits ov—o-over the——way-ay-ay,
To preparer-er-er—dwell—ing-ing-ing—pla-a-ace—ther-er-er—"

You mustn't clap now [*very angry*]; no, you mustn't—you know, I've got to sing the chorus first.

[*Plays a few notes, sings chorus while playing discordantly.*]

"In—in—in that swe-ee-e-et by-and-by-y-y-y-y—
We——eee-e-e-shall——shall—shall—me-e-e-e-et——on that beau-eu-eu-eu-tiful-ul-ul—shor-or-or.
In that sweet-ete-ete—by-and-aby—we shall me-e-e-e-et on that beau-eu-eu-eu-ti-i-i-i—ful-l-l-l—shor-or-or."

[*Gets up, bows low, smiles as if pleased and starts back to piano for encore, stops.*]

That's a good idea. The next will be a song and dance.

[*Goes to piano, plays few notes; sings without playing; dances about room while singing. Finishing dance, stops and listens, turns to girl companion (supposed to be present) and speaks.*]

Quick, Nell, here come mother and Uncle Tom. If mother caught us in her best clothes she'd whip us hard. Didn't we have a lovely time, though! The next time we can have all our friends come in and sit as audience. [*Quick exit.*]

BESSIE'S VIEW OF THINGS.

OH! dear! Is it any wonder I feel cross? Just see how it is raining, and I wanted to go out to gather wild-flowers. Mamma says there wouldn't be any flowers if it didn't rain, and that I ought not to grumble about it. But how can I help it? She says rain makes things grow. It doesn't make me grow, does it? Then what does, I wonder? I'm sure I'm a great deal taller now than I was last year, for mamma had to let all the tucks out of this dress. I suppose she means planted things. Well, there's all that money I planted last Fourth of July—to be sure there wasn't any rain—but I poured bushels and bushels of water on it, and not one cent came up. But what became of that

money, I don't know. That's the queer part of it; for, when I took my little spade and uncovered the hole to see what was the matter with it, there wasn't any money there. Bill (that's the boy that lives with us) says maybe it grew the other way and came up in China. How he knows anything about it, I can't tell, for I never breathed a word of it to anybody. He's an awful bad boy, and whenever he passes me he calls me "little missionary," or else he says, "Say, Bessie, has your money sprouted yet?" I told him if he didn't stop teasing me I would tell papa, and he said if I did, papa would tease me more than he did. Oh! there! See that sunbeam! I do believe it's clearing off! I can go for my flowers after all. I wonder where my hat and basket are!

ADOPTING A GRANDMOTHER.

[Girl talks to group of girls supposed to be standing on street corner looking at wagon, in which is an old lady.]

PART I.

OH, girls, isn't that sad? They are taking poor Mrs. James to the poorhouse because her children won't help her. No one can compel her children to support her because they live in other States. I heard father say that such a law was unjust. Nobody wants to board her, though father says likely her house will sell for enough to keep her as long as she lives. I've always loved her so and she has been so good to us all.

Too bad? It's worse than "too bad," and she always gave us such good times at her house. Dear, dear, it is awful to get old and have no friends. Love is what she needs. You all agree she did everything she could to make us all have a good time? I knew you would. Now, she is old and friendless, not one in all this town will take her, and she would rather die than go to the poorhouse, and yet she sits there smiling.

What is it, May? Well, say it! A plan? Let's adopt her? People adopt children—why can't we adopt her? A splendid idea! Say, girls, that's great. All we'd have to do is to go see

her every day and carry her books and flowers and fix her room cozy and cheerful, and we can love her—it's love she needs most, and we can all love her enough—she is such a dear old lady. I'll get father to let us have all her own things, and we can get her that nice little cottage down by the lake for five dollars a month. We'll put her furniture into it and then we can get her curtains and when she is all fixed we can visit her every day.

Now, let me see. I'll go the first day. Then each in turn must select a day to go, so that the seven days in each week are covered. We must go as often as we can beside. Is that agreed to? All right.

But when shall we adopt her? To-night, after school. We'll get her not to go to the poorhouse this morning. Let's tell her to go visit my mother until this afternoon. [*They act as though talking to* MRS. JAMES *and then turn smilingly away.*] Let's hurry to school now. [*All exit.*]

PART II.

[Room in home of KATE ADAMS. KATE present; MRS. JAMES and girls supposed to be present.]

Dear Mrs. James, we have come to ask you to let us adopt you as our grandmother. We all have lost ours and want one very much, one whom we can go to and tell all our troubles. You have always helped us, and now we feel we cannot spare you, and so have talked it over and decided to adopt you, if you are willing.

You are willing? Oh, girls, now we can hug and kiss her all we want. Dear Grandma James, we have taken that pretty little cottage down by the lake and we have put into it all the things you like and your home is to be there. We will come to see you every day and each of us will take a day to fix up your cottage and to make you look nice and sweet as you always have looked.

No, it won't be any trouble. Every one of us loves you, and when we love another we always want to do something to show our love.

Hope you won't live long? Oh, Grandma James, you wouldn't want us to be unhappy. We want you to live a long, long time; yes, we do. Now, let us go and see your new home. We all

know how happy you will be there, and May says she is going to loan you her dog, Jack, the big St. Bernard, you like so much; and her father is to send him over there this afternoon.

Yes, you'll never be lonely again. You can sew and read and sing and be happy all day long. And Jack will take care of you while we are at school; and, if you want us at any time, all you have to do is to write a note and put it into Jack's mouth and say "school" or "May," and he will go for May. Come along, dear Grandma James, we'll take you to your new home. [*Exit as if leading old lady from room.*]

SPORTIVE, SPYING BARBARA.

[Girl puts clothes on doll as she sits on floor near mother's chair. Mother supposed to be present.]

MOTHEE, do you like the new minister? Yes, ours. The one that comes to see sister Tillie. You think he is a nice man? Very, very nice? You do? He speaks well at church on Sundays? Very, very well, Mothee? Oh, nothing. I was just thinking, that's all.

[*Busies herself with doll, looks up at mother, holding doll by one leg.*]

Mothee, do you like his hair? You do? The color, I mean. Yes, the color. Sandy, Mothee? Why, I heard papa tell Mr. Catt that the new minister's hair was a decided red. Shouldn't listen to what papa says? Why, he whipped me once for not listening, and since then I try hard to hear everything, even when he whispers to you. I thought that was what papa meant—everything he said, whether loud or low. Anyway, he told Mr. Catt that red hair means a hot temper—sh! sh? [*Looks all around.*] Anyone listening, Mothee? No? Mustn't say such things again—never again? I won't, Mothee.

[*Tosses doll into air. Takes off doll's shoes, dress, etc. Stops suddenly and looks at mother.*]

Mothee, is the new minister very, very good? Yes? Is the Lord better to him than to us? Don't think so? Good to those

that are good? Are you good, Mothee? Try to be? Is papa good? Yes, generally? But I'm only pretty good? Sometimes?

[*Plays with doll, looks up again.*]

Mothee, I was in the parlor last night, and—and—I heard sister Tillie coming,—and—and—because she scolds me when I go into the parlor I hid behind the sofa. She played on the piano a little while, and—then—the—new—minister—came—in—and—Tillie—told him she was so surprised to see him, and—they held hands,—and she looked and looked into his eyes and then when they turned I ducked down. They came and sat on the sofa, and Tillie gave a funny, shivery kind of laugh, and their two heads were very, very close together, and the new minister said—What?—why, Mothee, I never knew you to be in such a hurry before, and I'm telling you as fast as I can—yes, I got up behind them and saw what he did. He put his face close to Tillie's face and said so long and close: "Tillie—dear—I—love—you—more—than I love the stars,—more than anything else," and then they looked a little more into each other's eyes, and then Tillie said, "Oo, oo!" and the new minister took hold of both her cheeks and kissed and kissed her, and it sounded just like the noise made by the horse's hoof when he draws it from the mud. That will do? But Mothee, he did. He kissed her again, and then said, "Dearest, how good you are to me and how good the Lord is to me, a poor sinner." And Tillie said, "Oo, oo!"

But, Mothee, I felt so good when the new minister said about being a sinner that I jumped up and down and shouted, "Let us pray," and you ought to have seen them jump and turn on me. I tried to get away, but I couldn't, and the new minister pulled my ear and said I was a naughty eavesdropper, and he would tell my mothee, and then he let go and said, "scat" to me, just as if I was a cat. I did run; but, when I got to the turn, I looked back and—that—new minister—grabbed—Tillie—so that I was afraid he was punishing her. But she didn't cry a bit. All she did was to say "Oo, oo!" every little while. Mustn't ever tell anyone what I heard or saw? Not even my doll? No? I'll try to re-

member, because you say you will not punish me this time for being in the parlor. I may go out to play now? A whole hour? You dear, darling, Mothee! [*Pantomimes hugging mother. Exits.*]

NELLIE'S ~~MISSIONARY~~ GIFT.

DID you ever want anything very bad, and then have it come? Then you know how I felt when that package came from my auntie in New York and I opened it and found a pair of real silk mitts. Jack said they were just splendorific; and Jack's my brother, and he knows.

I had wanted some for ever so long, but I didn't say much about it, because when you live in a little cuddled up house, and your papa has to buy bread and shoes for so many, the money flies away before it gets around to what little girls want. I don't know how auntie found it out, unless Santa Claus told her, and it wasn't Christmas time either. They were such pretty brown mitts. Tilly Jones said they were just the color of my hands, but I didn't care for that. Little hands will get brown when they weed the garden and do so many things.

I looked at them almost a hundred times in two days, I guess, and then it came Sunday. Wasn't I glad? I put them on and walked to church, just so. Jack said I held my paws like a scared rabbit, but I never saw a rabbit with mitts on. It isn't right to think too much about what you wear when you go to Sabbath-school, and by-and-by I didn't, for, we had such a good Sabbath-school, I forgot everything else.

A missionary man told all the folks about some poor children away off; how the fire had burned down their school-house, and they hadn't any nice houses or clothes or anything, but they were trying so hard to get along and to learn. And he said what was given to these little ones was just the same as given to Jesus. Think of that! Just the same as given to the dear Christ-child. I supposed everybody would give. Why, some of the folks are worth as much as ten or a hundred dollars, and yet that basket stayed most empty.

I did wish I was rich, and all at once I remembered the poor widow in the Bible. I'd read it that very morning—how she had given her two mitts, every living mitt she had; it said so. So I slipped mine off and dropped them into the basket, and I was glad if my throat did all choke up.

But pretty soon, when the basket was carried up, the gentleman picked them right out.

"Has any little girl lost her gloves?"

Nobody said anything, and he asked again:

"Did any little girl drop her gloves into the basket by mistake?"

It was very still in that room, and I thought he was looking right at me; so I had to say something. It wasn't a mistake, I told him. I wanted to keep them and hadn't any money; but I knew how the poor woman in the Bible gave her two mitts, and so—then the folks shouted, they did, and I felt as if I'd like to drop right through the floor.

I knew I had made some dreadful blunder, but I couldn't see what, for if m-i-t-e-s don't spell mitts, what does it spell? Of course, I cried, but my teacher put her arms right around me and whispered, never mind, little Nellie, and she stood up and said, with her voice all trembling, "Dear friends, this little girl has given her greatest treasure. Have we older ones done as much?"

Someway, the money just poured into the basket after that, and the minister looked gladder and gladder. They brought my mitts back to me, and my teacher said she would show me how to get some money to give. But, oh, how full the basket was! And when the gentleman counted it, his eyes grew all wet, and he said softly, though I didn't know what he meant, "And a little child shall lead them."

I've something to say to the mothers to-night,
And this is the something I'm going to say:
When you were as little as we,
Did anyone scold you and whip you all day,
And send you to bed before tea?

TWINS GIVE THANKS.

[Girl standing with sister (supposed to be present) peering through window, dances up and down a moment, then speaks. Mother is supposed to come in later.]

LOOK, Mazie, see the fine things the groceryman is taking next door—oh, do look, Mazie! Isn't that just the biggest turkey you ever saw? And, oh! oh! see those cranberries, and apples, and celery, and sweet-potatoes, and—my, Mazie, won't Nanny Brown have a big dinner to-morrow? [*Looks sorrowful.*] Oh, Mazie, if we could only have a regular Thanksgiving dinner like other folks! If we—yes, just a ham, or something to make-believe turkey—[*sighs*] if we only could, Mazie! My—my—my—if we only could! Perhaps we can't have even a ham.

[*Pantomimes sitting closer to sister, but looks around room, then towards sister.*]

It's beginning to get dark, Mazie, and the fire is nearly out; but I guess it will do for a while longer, and mother will soon be here. Let's watch for her. [*Turns and looks out of window.*]

Say, Mazie, I just know she'll get some money for the dresses she takes to Mrs. Crandall. And, then—oh, Mazie, you know what she said she'd do. What?—why take us down to-night and get the things. Won't it be fine, if she does? It's so nice down-town; the streets are all lighted up, and people are buying things. Oh, won't it be nice? [*Pantomimes hugging sister.*]

Even if we don't have turkey, perhaps mother will buy sweet-potatoes and pound-cake with frosting on it—and, then, she's going to make little biscuits to-morrow—she said so!

And, just suppose she gets some slices of chicken, or perhaps a whole chicken!—suppose she should—oh, why doesn't she come!

[*Looks anxiously through window.*]

Now, just suppose she does have the money, and suppose she doesn't, what then? Oh, of course, she'll have it—Mrs. Crandall always pays her. If she doesn't, we can't have anything. Let's go to the fire, it's so cold. [*Sits by fire and pantomimes snuggling*

close to sister.] It's better to sit this way, as we can keep warmer until mother can fix the fire. [*Sighs.*] I wish mother didn't have to work so hard. I wish father was living, and—and we could have a nice Thanksgiving like we had when he was here—and a glowing grate fire like in those story-books—and a warm shawl for mother—listen!

[*Stops breathlessly, listens.*]

It must be—it is mother!

[*Rises and hugs mother.*]

Did you get the money, mother, and can we go downtown? You didn't?—oh, mother! Why? Too busy to attend to you? Only saw the servant? How mean of her! We can't have any Thanksgiving to-morrow. [*Cries bitterly, looks up suddenly.*] There, mother, don't mind. [*Pantomimes patting mother's hand.*] We'll have biscuit—you can bake some, and they will be nice—perhaps we can have a good Thanksgiving after all—a pretty good Thanksgiving.

Must go to bed now? Only enough coal to last over to-morrow? We'll snuggle close, and that will keep us warm. Say my prayers? Why should we give thanks when we have nothing to be thankful for? We need so many things, why doesn't God give them to us? He knows what is best for us? But, mother, it surely is for your good to have a new shawl. And isn't it good for us to have more fire when we need it? Trials—I should say so—but, mother, the Bible says, "What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them." How can we believe that we received them when we haven't them? There are many things we have that we do not see, and I believe the best Thanksgiving is where we give thanks before we see the things we want. It is like trusting God first, and receiving what we want afterwards. So mother we'll give thanks now and then go to bed.

[*Kneels with face against chair, prays aloud:*]

"Dear God, our Father, we are glad that Thou art good and kind, and that Thou dost want us to be happy, and that Thou dost not send us anything but good, nice things. We are so glad that we have found it out, for now, dear God, we can trust Thee and thank Thee for the things we want, even before we see them. Because Thou sayst that we have them and so we really must have them now, only we don't see them yet. We thank Thee, very much indeed, dear God. Amen."

[*As she rises with happy smile tap is heard and door opens.*]

Mother, a man wants you. Mrs. Crandall sends the money to mother? She'll be so glad. [*Hands money to mother, pantomimes watching money being counted.*] It's too much, mother? Double the price? But here's a note: "In remembrance of Thanksgiving—Mrs. Crandall." Oh, mother, how lovely, and now we can have a real Thanksgiving. [*Looks at door with joyous smile.*] Mother! mother! Mrs. Crandall's groceryman has brought us a real turkey, and some cranberries, and celery, and sweet-potatoes, and nuts, and raisins; and here's a note that begs us to share her Thanksgiving festivities. Oh, mother, dear, God is kind, and He does send us good things, only we don't thank Him for them as we should.

WOULD RATHER WRITE PLAYS.

[Girl, speaker. MR. WALTER, friend of her father, and MRS. WALTON, her mother, supposed to be present. Girl, in big chair in reception-hall, is fixing doll. Bell rings, she jumps from chair, runs and opens door, and addresses person supposed to stand there.]

NO, papa is not at home. No, mother is not here either. She's making a call next door. She'll be back—shall I go for her? You may come in and sit down.

Don't go for her? You'll wait? You never can tell how long mother will stay out. She always has such fun, she forgets what time it is [*smiles sweetly*]. Sit over here in this big chair. I will entertain you until she comes back. Please turn up the gas before you sit. I can't reach it without standing on a chair. Everybody's out except Bridget and me. Walter, that's my brother, he's over to George Jones's house, and I was fixing my

doll. A little while ago I was writing a poem. Do you ever write poems?

[*Watches man seat himself in big easy-chair at stage center; climbs on arm of chair and swings legs at side while talking to him.*]

No? You are too busy? A doctor? Your name is Walter, too? Isn't that queer, and does my papa know you? This is your card? Then you went to Harvard like papa did? Did you ever tie a freshman to a tree, and get sent away like papa did, and then have to beg to be taken back? No?—but you were just as bad? Boys are terrible, aren't they? It's funny nice people like you and papa were the same as our Walter and his boy chums are. My, but they are mean!

To me? You guess they are to me and Florence, my friend. I guess because we both have brothers is the cause. Brothers are such a trouble. Sometimes it doesn't seem as if we knew what to do with Walter—and he isn't such a bad boy, either. Problem? Yes, I guess that is what he is. You see, Florence is my best friend, and we have lovely times together; we have games and plays, and we both just love to act. Florence wants to be an actress, but I'd rather write plays. We're going to have one soon —we both wrote it, and it's—well, we think it's awfully nice.

Where do the boys come in? Well, you see, when we first wrote it we had two more characters—Lord Lester, that was Walter, and the Prime Minister, that was George Jones. We didn't try Florence's brother, because we knew he'd spoil it. At first it was all right; but the other day, when we were rehearsing, and Walter and George began to fool and to make fun of our speeches, and we said they couldn't belong if they didn't quit and they said they belonged, and Florence said—she's the queen, "Then I disown you!" and they laughed so and fell on the floor, and we dragged them out and locked the door, and now they are angry and say they are going to spoil the whole thing if they can't come back.

Next week. I'd like to have you come and see it. Mamma says we can have it here in this room and she will furnish the ice-

cream and cake, so it will be like a party, and that the boys can't bother us. Read the play? Oh, dear no, we don't write our things. We make them up as we go along. We only wrote the boys' parts because they are so stupid; and then they always forget, so we couldn't have them again anyway, and the play is lots better without them.

Yes, we cut out the parts and the actors. We are getting on fine, Florence and I, and [*voice and manner becoming very confidential*] week after next Sothern's going to be at our Opera House, and we want to see him, because it would help us a lot with our play. Don't you think so?

You do? Well, papa says we're too young. But papa doesn't realize what we plan to be and how we have got to be educated right—it's important. You see, papa's—well, I don't let him know I know it, but it hurts him so to say "No."

Please don't laugh. You see, I like you very much. Not making fun, only enjoying the surprise papa would get if he knew? Oh, I see.

You want to see the poems? Really and truly?

[*Searches his eyes as if to see if he is telling the truth. Turns away, jumps from chair and gets book, returns, pantomimes giving book to him, climbs on arm of chair again and watches him.*]

Yes, that's it—"Ambition." Let me read it to you.

"Far up above I see
Heights looking down on me,—
  Heights of ambition.
Could I but half attain
That thing at which I aim,
Glorious would be my fame,
  Yet low my submission."

[*Turns and looks at man eagerly.*]

You think it's all right? Keep it carefully until I am grown up? Oh, I'm so glad you like it. I'll keep it always.

[*Face glows with joy.*]

Oh, you're just fine. You're the first one that hasn't laughed. The next one I wrote is sad. You see, I was feeling lonesome just before you came and so I called it, "The Song of a Lonely Soul."

[*Turns to man and rubs face against his sleeve.*]

Oh, how I love to read to you. [*Reads.*]

"God made me, that I cannot doubt,
But why, when made, should I be so forgot?
And yet I know I'm wrong; some one must see
And pity me in my lonely misery."

[*Hears door open, turns and smiles.*]

Oh, mamma, here's a man to see papa, and here's his card, and he let me read my poetry to him and he—get down?—but, mamma, he's a real friend, and he knew papa when he went to Harvard and—go sit on the stool?

[*She gets and brings stool to foot of chair and sits looking lovingly at man.*]

Mamma, I haven't bothered him a bit, and he's coming to see my play. He thinks it wouldn't hurt me any to see Sothern, and —go to my room now? Mamma, and you have only just come in! Must I go? Oh, I want to—good-night, mamma. [*Pantomimes kissing mamma good-night, goes back to chair and looks at man.*] Yes, mamma at once, but I want to say good-night to Mr. Walter.

[*Holds out hands, turns up face and pantomimes being kissed on forehead.*]

You'll take me and Florence to see Sothern, if mamma says so? Oh, mamma, may we go? You'll ask papa, and if he says so, we may go? Oh, lovely, lovely, lovely! [*Waves hand and exits on a run as if to get to Florence and tell her the news.*]

My dolly is a Japanese, and will not say her A, B, C's,
No matter how I coax and tease that naughty, naughty Japanese.

PAWNING HER DOLLY.

[Girl, speaker present; pawnbroker, supposed to be present. Interior of pawnbroker's shop. Girl enters very slowly with dilapidated looking doll, comes to full stop and looks sorrowfully at doll.]

OH, my dear, dear dolly! [*Broken voice.*] Oh, my dear, dear dolly, I'm so miserable to let you go! But, darling, don't you see, no one else can help but me! I'm mamma's only comfort, so—good-bye, good-bye, dear, dear, dearest dolly!

I'll tell you all about it, dolly. Papa and mamma thought I was asleep last night, but I heard mamma say, it couldn't be helped,—that papa must take all the rest of the things to the pawnshop, because the landlord wouldn't wait any longer. I've not a penny left to help pay the rent, and we shall be turned into the street, papa said, if we didn't pay. Papa's honest, but he can't get work; and he is so big, and strong, and willing to work. He can't have us turned out into the street. And so, dolly, I knew what I had to do to show that I loved them.

I knew I had something very precious, though I am only a little girl,—I have you, my darling dolly! I thought I would get enough money for you to pay the rent—you are so very valuable. Yes, dolly, you are all I have to play with now. How can I let you go! [*Hugs doll close and kisses it.*]

You must not cry, dear, dearest dolly,—look at me,—I'm quite brave, you see. But, oh, it's hard to send you away, to pay that horrid man to-day.

[*Goes to counter and looks up. Man seems to come to her, takes doll and looks at it. Girl's lips quiver.*]

Don't give anything for rubbish? My dolly isn't rubbish! Not give anything for my dear, dear dolly? Oh, Mr. Pawnbroker, oh, sir, you surely mean—you don't mean—you can't! Papa and mamma want the money so badly—won't you please take her? She is so pretty—my dear, dear, dearest dolly! She's worth such a lot, sir. She belonged to my mamma, grandmamma, great-grandmamma, too, my mamma said, and it is such a dear, sweet dolly! Haven't you any little girl like me? You have? Wouldn't

she feel bad to let her dolly go? I knew that, and wouldn't she think her dolly was worth a lot of money?

Lot of money? Why, eleven dollars would be a lot, wouldn't it, sir? You'll take the dolly, for your baby's sake? Oh, thank you, sir! You will be kind to her, I know! My darling dolly! The money I will give to papa. I'll say, "God bless you," in my prayers to-night—good-bye—my dear—dear—dear—dolly!

MONDAY—WASHING DAY.

[Enter girl, wearing gingham dress and apron and carrying wash-bench, which she places stage center. Goes out and brings in tub which she places on bench. Brings in basket of doll's clothes, several small pails of water; and, after examining clothes carefully and soaping them, puts them into tub and pours water over them. Brings in washboard and puts it into tub. Stretches clothes-line across stage from left to right, looks up at ceiling as if trying to forecast the weather.]

DEAR, dear, it does look like rain; I hope the weather will stay clear until I get my washing out and dried. [*Starts slightly, listens.*] That sounds like Ella Louise. [*Listens again.*] I certainly thought she was asleep, and that I should be able to have a few moments' peace. Mothers never seem to get a moment's peace, especially when there are children. [*Exits and brings back large doll—Ella Louise—which she hugs and kisses and rocks in her arms.*] There, you darling child, mother was very naughty to leave you all alone.

[*More rocking and kissing, then puts doll on floor and turns to tub. Looks at doll a moment then goes out quickly and brings a Teddy Bear, box of toys, etc., and gives them to doll. Watches doll a moment as if pleased with her happiness, and goes back to tub and washes clothes. While washing she hums "Dixie"; suddenly stops and leans over tub to look at doll. Looks up at sky and sighs.*]

Dear, dear, it does look gloomy; no wonder Ella Louise didn't stay asleep. [*Rubs away, glances left, acts nervous.*] Mary Jones has really got out all her wash, and I haven't a stitch on my line. What will she think of me—lazy, perhaps? But how can she judge me at all? She doesn't know all that has taken

place in this house this morning, really enough to drive a saint wild. I'll hurry and hang up a few pieces, even though they are not washed. From her house she won't know the difference—no, that won't be right. I'd be trying to deceive her and that's dishonest. Mother says always be truthful and honest. I will be, even though Mary Jones is ahead of me with her work.

[*Goes on washing, humming as before; hangs up clothes after wringing them, turns and supposedly finds* MARY JONES near her.]

Good-morning, Mary. It does one good to see your wash out so early. Nothing to your credit? Oh, I think so—no? New electric washing-machine?—just attach it to electric light wire and the machine does the washing in a few minutes? That is wonderful, wonderful! You must show it to me; and, if it is as easy as that, mother will have to get me one.

Do look at Ella Louise—sound asleep in the midst of her toys! Is that the way your Arabella does? Isn't it too cute for anything! Yes, children are a lot of care, but we wouldn't be without them. They fill our hearts with love and thankfulness when we realize the blessing of owning them. I wouldn't be without my Ella Louise for all the farm, and I know you wouldn't spare your Arabella or little John. Do you know, I never cared to have a boy doll; but, since I have seen your John, I feel that I too must have one. Oh, if there doesn't go Lily Smith with her new doll; she calls it "Queenie." Nellie Wilson made fun of the name, but I knew she couldn't feel anything of envy because Lily has such a beautiful doll, and in a little while I heard Nellie say to Lily, "I'm glad you have so beautiful a doll; and, when I'm a better girl, Uncle Tom will give me one too." In a hurry? Yes, I understand, we housekeepers must keep busy to get our work done each day. Good-bye! Come over Wednesday with your mending and we will get it done together.

[*Turns to tub. Shakes water from washboard and carries it off stage. Dips water from tub and carries it off stage. Starts to do so again, but turns as if seeing someone.*]

So glad to see you, Lily, and your Queenie. She looks charming this morning. Isn't it lovely, our children keep so well and strong? Everybody loves healthy and happy looking children, and we must always keep ours so. Just stopped a moment to say how-to-do? That is good of you. Yes, the sun is shining at last, and I'm so glad, because now I am sure I can do my ironing to-morrow. Help me carry out the tub? That is good of you. But I can manage, I guess. [*Carries out tub, then bench; picks up, hugs and kisses doll.*]

You beautiful darling, mother's precious girl! You've been so helpful to mother this morning that she will dress you, comb your hair, and take you for a walk in the sunshine. My mother says, when there's sunshine, everybody seems full of joy and loving thoughts; but, when there's shadow, some of us act gloomy and hateful, and that is the time to make our own sunshine so clear and bright that everybody loves to be near us. We'll have some more work to do, Ella Louise, to do that, but do it we can by just a little more effort. [*Talks as she exits.*]

TUESDAY—IRONING DAY.

[Girl discovered at ironing-board, stage center, smoothing doll's dress. On floor is basket of rolled-up clothes. Leaning against table, seated on floor, is her doll, Ella Louise. Toys are all around. As she irons she glances about, then at doll, then at her work. Suddenly she listens.]

DEAR, dear, if that clock didn't strike eleven, and I haven't half finished ironing. If Ella Louise had only been good this morning, I could have been done by now and been out walking the same as Mary Jones and Lily Smith.

Why, what am I thinking?—I'm really blaming Ella Louise for what's my fault! I spoke angrily this morning to mother and had to sit in the corner to think it over. I didn't think it over very soon—not as soon as mother expected, and so I didn't get at my ironing until nearly ten o'clock. Mary Jones and Lily Smith always seem to do right. I guess it's because they never let that little dwarf, Anger, or his bigger brother, Hate, come near them.

I know they must have been very loving this morning to be out so early.

Well, Ella Louise, we'll turn over a new leaf. I must, if I expect you to be all right too. We must be loving and speak kindly thoughts if we expect to get loving and kindly thoughts.

[*Irons a while in silence. When last piece is done she clasps hands over clothes and smiles happily.*]

Ella Louise, my ironing to-day reminds me of the boy who had potatoes to hoe. He grumbled and growled before he began, and the time flew by; he didn't think of anything but hateful things; and so, before he knew it, it was noon. A man came along and asked him what was the trouble. He said, because he hated to hoe potatoes when he wanted to play. Ella Louise, if he hadn't hated anything, he would have been through in a short time, and then could have played with the boys. Ella Louise, we won't waste our time hating, or in being angry, or in saying unkind things. If we do forget again, we'll at once say we are sorry, so that the unkind things won't hang on and make us worse so we can't get into the sunshine again. [*Picks up doll.*] Now we can go out into the sunshine, for our work is done. [*Exits.*]

WEDNESDAY—MENDING DAY.

[Girl discovered in rocking-chair near table, stage center. At other side of table is another rocking-chair. Girl rocks and darns stocking. After a while looks at her work and smiles as if pleased.]

THAT is a neatly darned stocking and won't hurt Ella Louise's toes like the last mended stocking did. I'm sure Ella Louise's feet hurt very much because of that stocking. Mother always takes such pains to show me how to darn. I'm glad for once I can show her a good darn.

[*Jumps up and smiles, holding out hand to imaginary girl caller.*]

So glad to see you, Mary. Look at my darn. Isn't that well done? I knew you'd think so. Have you much to do? I have five pairs to-day, so must work fast to get through. Yes, I know

one is apt to be careless and do poor work if one hurries, but I mean to keep right on until I am done.

Let's sit here [*indicating.*] Now, we can be as comfortable as our mothers are when they darn and talk. Where are Arabella and John this morning? With your mother? Isn't it lovely to have a mother with whom we can leave our little ones? Oh, yes, I saw Lily Smith and Nellie Wilson this morning as they went by, but they had no time to stop, as they were going to the Zoo. Perhaps we can go this afternoon. Don't care to go? I'm surprised, really, I am. Because animals picture the unlovely side of nature? Why, I don't know what you mean. A lion would eat you? Yes, he would, or a tiger, or a fox, or a wolf, or any wicked animal? Yes, but if you go to see them because you know they cannot harm you,—that they do not really wish to harm you, you'll be all right. Mother said so, and I believe mother, because when I do what she says I always come out right.

Ella Louise is very good to-day and seems to be doing her best not to bother me. If she keeps on, she'll be a great help to me when she is older. Children are a great care. Oh, yes, we love them. Yes, they are not a care if we love them rightly and understand them. Perhaps that is what I mean after all. How careful one must be to be truthful. Mother says we must watch every word we speak. I guess she means we must know beforehand what we are going to say, because, if we didn't, what good would it do to watch after the words are said?

There, I have finished the last stocking, and so have you. Shall we try to go to the Zoo? No? To the Aquarium? That's a lovely idea. We can see all those beautiful fish that father spoke about.

ONLY FIVE.

I am a very little girl,
  I'm only five years old;
I hope that none who hear me speak
  Will think I am too bold.

THURSDAY—"AT HOME" DAY.

[Girl, with smiling face and expectant look, in elaborate silk gown with long train, stands near entrance to stage.]

HOW-DO-YOU-DO, LILY [*to imaginary caller*]? It's such a pleasure to see you once more. Did you enjoy the Zoo yesterday? No? Queenie was frightened at the lion because he roared so? You didn't tell her there was anything that could harm her? Frightened yourself? No wonder Queenie was afraid. Ashamed, after it was all over? Yes, I know. Next time you can take care of yourself better.

[*To imaginary caller.*] Dear Nellie, this is a treat, indeed. Why, I heard this morning that you had a cold. You did? You knew it was nothing, and soon it was gone? You are bright. If only we all knew right, how soon we would be glad too.

[*To imaginary caller.*] Margaret, how sweet of you to come and bring your lovely doll. It can walk? [*Watches doll walk.*] It really does. Isn't that too lovely for anything! I must teach my Ella Louise to walk. She is very young, however, and has plenty of time. Your other dolls can't walk? You'll have to teach them. No works inside to make them walk? Do they have to have works? To be sure, for we have works inside of us, and so we walk.

[*To imaginary caller.*] Mary, it seems good to see you again. You bring such a flood of sunshine with you that the whole room seems happy. Let us have something to eat and drink. Mother let me have cocoa to-day and some fancy cakes and candies. Aren't they lovely? Yes, mother made the candies and Auntie Maude made the cakes. Mother said if we were all sweet like candies and cakes we should have a lovely time. Are they not fine? Lily, have some more, and you too, Nellie. I know you want them, and when you want a thing that is offered always take it. Did you see the new play at the Children's Theater? No? Well, you should go. Yes, I don't mind. It's about a naughty boy being unkind to animals in the forest, and the wild animals ask the Queen of the Forest to help them. She calls the boy and

asks him about his mean acts. He tells her animals have no feelings, and it doesn't hurt them to be shot. She makes him understand that they do feel, and do want to be liked and be treated well. The bad boy is sorry, and the Queen forgives him, and the boy speaks kindly to the animals and they all walk together as friends. Oh, it was lovely, lovely!

I knew you'd all want to go. Have some more cocoa, Margaret? Plenty? Going, Lily? So soon! Had a good time? I'm glad. It's been so nice having you. Good-bye, Margaret, give my love to your mother. Good-bye, Mary. Sorry you didn't bring Arabella and John. Do take a couple of candies and cakes to them. Nellie, can't you and your doll go with me to the park to-morrow afternoon? Mother says I may take you. Yes, I'm going to dress Ella Louise in her very best. All right. I'll look for you at three o'clock. Good-bye.

All gone! What a lovely time we had to-day! Mary was so pleased because I sent candies and cakes to her Arabella and John. I must hunt up Ella Louise now and take her some candies. The cakes I will keep until to-morrow. Too many sweets for one day. The candy is all she needs this time. Mothers must be wise in bringing up their children. [*Exits.*]

FRIDAY—CLEANING DAY.

[Girl, in simple house dress, with hair inside sweeping-cap, has broom in one hand and duster in the other. Puts broom against chair and places duster on chair. Lifts skirt up in front and pins it at back, so that skirt is turned up in front and hangs down in back. Goes to windows and pins up lace curtains, picks up rugs and pantomimes hanging them out of window, after shaking them; moves chairs to one side of room, then begins to sweep from front of room toward rear; stops.]

DEAR, dear, what a lot of dust! I can hardly believe I swept this room last Friday. Mother should get me an electric sweeper. [*Goes on sweeping briskly; stops as if thinking.*] Adam was made from dust. He went back to dust again. I guess everything made from dust remains dust, but mother says I was made good, and I don't believe she thinks dust is any good, because

she is always trying to get rid of it, but she doesn't want to get rid of me. Adam couldn't have been made good if he was made from dust, for dust doesn't last long, and good things last a long time. Mother says sometimes that I am made of sugar and spice. I know sugar is good, but I don't think spice is. I guess she means that I'm spice when I do things that make her talk to me quietly, and that I'm sugar when she hugs and kisses me. I'm going to try to get mother to say I'm made all of sugar, but then sugar melts, and I don't want to melt for then I'll be gone. But that's a good way to do, because you leave nothing but sweet behind. Dear, dear! what a lot of funny thoughts; but, after all, I'd rather be made of sugar and spice than of dust, and some day mother shall say—just as she says to baby brother—"You bunch of sweetness!"

It's easier to be good than bad. I'm going to be good just as I was made; that will help other little girls and boys to be good. Father says, "Being good sets an example for others." So I'm going to be good.

[*Sweeps remainder of room, dusts chairs; unpins skirt and drops it; looks carefully around room; puts chairs into their places; takes broom in one hand and duster in other and starts for door.*]

How nice the room looks. I'm sure mother can say nice words to me; she always does, even when she says very quiet words, for she always tries to help me be what I was made—good. She says, "Be good and you will be happy." It's true, for, when I am good, I am very, very happy. Now I can spend the rest of the day out of doors. Isn't it lovely, just lovely! [*Exits.*]

GRANDMA'S POSY-BOWL.

DELIA HART STONE.

On grandma's birthday, Maud and Bess, and Pearl and Ned and Clare,
We paid our dimes and nickels in, and bought a jardiniere;
But grandma says that jardiniere is quite too long a name,
And so she calls it "posy-bowl," which means the very same.

SATURDAY—BAKING DAY.

[Girl, in white dress and large white apron, sleeves rolled up, stands at table, stage center, holding rolling-pin. On table is dough which she rolls; takes cake-cutter in one hand as she puts rolling-pin on table with other hand; cuts out cakes and puts them into pan; puts pan into oven, which she opens occasionally to watch cakes; looks up now and then as if speaking to some one.]

I LOVE baking-day. It gives me pleasure to make cookies for Ella Louise. Have you seen Lily or Nellie lately? No? Why, I heard they were not good friends now. Yes, I know that it is not right to talk about our neighbors. Yes, I do know what you mean, but then, one has to tell what one hears about. Speak only the good you hear? Why, that would be the same old thing all the time. When you know two girls are angry with each other, you can hardly keep from telling about it. That is not speaking of love? No, I know that, but it's true just the same. Of course, I would rather think they love each other, and I know they do, but Nellie said something mean about Queenie, and Lily didn't like it and spoke angrily. Yes, I heard it. What did I do? Why, I thought Lily was right, for Nellie has always been jealous of Lily's Queenie. I should have been thinking instead that only love is present, and that there really couldn't be any angry thoughts, or words, or anything but love? But how could I think that? By not listening to the ugly words? By remembering they truly loved each other? I'll try next time, but it is hard to think about love when you hear ugly things. I'll not listen to ugly voices again.

I hear that Alma is back from Europe. Don't you know Alma? Why, she's the jolliest girl at school. She is always stopping us from doing mean things. She seems around just at the right time. One day Margaret was copying an example from Lily's slate, because she couldn't do it, and Alma leaned over and whispered, "Thou shalt not steal." Margaret was very angry until teacher called up Alma for talking during class. Margaret got right up and said, "It is my fault, Miss Merrill, that Alma spoke. Alma saw me cheating and stopped me. I didn't realize that copy-

ing was stealing." No, Miss Merrill didn't punish them, but she had a queer look. We love her dearly. Yes, Alma.

[*During following talk, runs to oven; takes out cakes; cleans table; puts pan of bread dough on table; kneads dough.*]

Mary Jones has a beautiful gown. Yes, pale blue, trimmed with lace and baby ribbon. Her aunt gave it to her. Mary was very much pleased, and I was glad she got it. She has had so few pretty dresses. Mary has a sweet disposition and looks sweet in anything? Yes, that's so. But I never thought about that. You have? Yes, you are right—she is sweet. There, my cakes are all done, and now my bread is ready for the oven. Ella Louise and I can go out for a while. I'm glad you told me about thinking about love when others are angry. I'm going to practise it. You always give me something good to think about.

SUNDAY—DAY OF REST.

[Girl, entering hurriedly, rushes to one side of room, picks up doll, which is undressed; rushes to other side of room and picks up doll's clothes; goes to small rocker at stage center, and begins to dress doll.]

OH, Ella Louise, we are going to get the most dreadful scolding if we aren't ready in time. It is most ten o'clock and you are not even dressed. The new preacher is going to be there, and mamma said I might take you if you were ready. How I have had to hurry.

[*Gets up, looks about, puts doll down and examines room.*]

What have I done with my parasol?—dear, oh, dear—if that is lost I'll never hear the end of it! Let me think—I had it in the garden yesterday. Then I went to see Lily and we went to the woods. I had it in the candy-store. I had it in mamma's room. Oh, now I know where I shall find it,—I put it in my closet behind the basket.

[*Goes to closet, comes back with parasol; puts on gloves and hat; goes to and gazes into mirror. After admiring self a while takes doll in arms and goes out.*]

AT CHURCH.

[Organ music. Girl, with doll and parasol, enters, moves quietly as if following others into church. At stage center halts as if waiting others to precede her into pew. Finally enters pew, carefully places doll on seat; bows head forward as in prayer; straightens up; gazes about; gets on knees on bench and looks behind; seems to be pulled back into seat.]

I wanted to see Lily. She has a new dress, and her hat is wonderful. People didn't see me; and, besides, I saw you looking at Mrs. Smith's new dress; and, oh, mamma, look at Mrs. Jenkins's new bonnet! It's a copy of yours—yes, it is—it is; and you said yours was made just for—hush?—it isn't easy to——

[*Sits quietly a moment.*]

Oh, mamma, there's Alice Floyd—yes, it is; she came back yesterday, for Willie Johnson said so. Oh, I'll be still, but won't the singing ever begin?

[*Sinks back into seat as if weary. Straightens up and listens while minister seems to read hymn. As music begins, she rises and sings, apparently holding hymn-book, two stanzas of "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," then sits and smiles sweetly at doll.*]

You've been so very good that I will let you put money on the plate. [*Turns suddenly and glances across aisle.*] Oh, mamma, see! Johnny Smith has brought his dog with him. Look how cute he is, he—[*sinks into seat and wipes eyes*].

Never—bring—me—again—to—church? I haven't been so bad; I mean—I mean to be good. Listen to the sermon? [*Sits wide-eyed and tries to listen.*] Mamma, isn't he ever going to get done? If he would only tell us something about Daniel in the lion's den, or about Jonah swallowing a big fish. He must have swallowed a whale himself—he is so long about it.

[*Sits quiet a while, puts money on plate, plays with doll; suddenly rises and sings "Doxology"; picks up doll and walks out slowly. On way out, pats dog on head, shakes hands with Lily; exits.*]

AT HOME.

Home again! What a restful place it is! Now, Ella Louise, we can really rest. Let us sit over in this corner, and I will tell you a story from my new story-book.

[*Opens story-book and begins to read.*]

"Once upon a time there was a funny man who had to work all the time." Why, our Bridget does so, and so does Mary, and so does the coachman. Why, I guess almost everybody has to work all the time. The carman does, and the milkman, and the drug-man. "Well, this man had to work very, very hard; and he was longing for one day when he could rest; so he decided he was going to ask the dragon to make a day of rest. The old dragon lived in a big cave and the man walked a long way to find him. He found him, but he could not help him, and so sent him to the owl. The owl passed him along to the eagle, who passed him on to the Wise Man. The Wise Man looked at the man a long time and said, 'Can it be that any mortal does not know that one day in each week has been made for rest?' The man said he had never heard of any such day. The Wise Man said, 'The day appointed for rest is Sunday. On that day thou shalt not labor. Go home, rest on Sunday.' "

Is that not a beautiful story, Ella Louise? I'll tell May Thorpe about it to-morrow. She is the new girl that has moved into our street and everybody is very fond of her. Now, as to-day is Sunday and the Wise Man called it a day of rest, we too must rest. We will curl up into this big chair and go to sleep.

[*Climbs into chair with doll, fixes herself comfortably, rests head against arm of chair, and closes eyes. Curtain slowly falls. While curtain falls, "Sweet and Low" may be sung by invisible chorus.*]

I'm tired of being a little girl, and sitting 'round all day;
I'm hardly big enough to work, and I don't care to play.
I guess I'd like to be a bird, and sit upon a tree;
They never hear a naughty word nor cry, as I can see.

LITTLE BUSY-BODY.

MRS. L. G. MORSE.

[Girl, speaker present, talks directly to audience.]

THEY say I am full of mischief; but they don't speak the truth. Maria is the only one that knows, and she says I'm a busy-body.

I did so much work yesterday that I nearly got tired. First, mamma said she was going to a wedding. I knew she was, for I saw her best bonnet out of its box, on her bed. So, while she was talking to Katy in the kitchen, I climbed all the way up-stairs, and dragged it down to her myself.

I don't know what they'd have done without me yesterday, for, after mamma had gone, Maria was careless. She left a basin of water on the table. She forgot all about it, so I went to put it away for her, because I was afraid that mamma might come back and knock it over on to the carpet. It wasn't *my* fault that it slid out of my hands and broke itself. *I* was careful, and Maria said nobody else but just me would ever have thought of putting it away for her.

My sister Bessie doesn't try half so hard to help people. She sat in her little arm-chair all the time, tying up Susan Hopkins's joints. She thinks Susan is the best of all our dolls, but I don't. Her joints are all loose, and her legs rattle. Bessie isn't so much use as I am. She kept out of the way tending to Susan, while Maria had to change every one of my clothes, because the naughty water sloshed; and Bessie didn't even pick up the broken pieces of basin for poor Maria! Maria told her not to touch them for fear she'd get her feet wet and cut her fingers.

Afraid! They're afraid of everything. The very minute Maria had me dressed again, I began to pick up the pieces for her, and I didn't cry even when I did cut my hand, and the blood got all over my nice clean apron. I don't think it was very polite of Maria to set me down so hard on a chair, and tell me not to move till she'd cleared up the floor.

Bessie is bigger than I am, but she just plays while there's work going on; and only see how much work I've done this morning! I've fixed up mamma's work-basket for her, and I've stuffed all the rags and little pieces of our new dresses that were piled up on the machine, into papa's collar drawer. Then I cleared up a whole lot of things for Maria. She went to answer the door-bell, and while she was gone, I took papa's clothes-whisk and swept up a big pile of dust she left on the hearth, and dumped it where nobody can see it, in a dark corner of the closet, under mamma's dresses.

It was real lucky I went to the closet, too, for I found the waist of mamma's best walking-suit. I heard her say one day that she was going to change the trimming on the sleeves, so I took it out, and I'm going to get a needle and thread and do it for her my own self. The ends of the lace will have to be cut off, I guess, because they'll get in the way of the needle, but I know where mamma keeps her sharp scissors, so I can do it easy. I hid the waist in the coal-scuttle that Maria fills the stove out of, and I suppose if I don't hurry she'll burn it up. Mamma'll be real surprised when she sees how nice I've fixed it for her.

MINISTERS.

FOLKS say that ministers are always very solemn, but I don't believe it. I've known two of them, and they are both awfully jolly. The one we have now, he comes to our house ever so often. Mamma says it is to see sister, but I don't believe it, for he asks for me and takes me in his lap and tells me stories, and brings me candy too. I asked him the other night which he liked the better and he kissed me and looked ever so tickled while Maggie got as red as a beet. I guess she was mad because he did not kiss her.

He dances too, and it is fearfully bad for a minister to dance. One time I came home from school, I saw his hat on the rack, and I rushed into the parlor—he was standing with his arms around Maggie. I asked him what he was doing; he said he

was giving her waltzing-lessons, so you see he does dance too. I told old Mrs. Jones, and she said she was going to investigate the matter.

One Sunday I went before meeting-time and climbed into the pulpit to wait for him, for I wanted to ask him if he wouldn't preach shorter, for I get so sleepy. I must have come too early, for I fell asleep waiting for him, and when I woke up everybody was there. He was bending over me laughing. I told him what I wanted. I asked him if I could stay up there with him and he said I might, for he did not want anybody to know I was there, and when he had preached long enough, I pinched him and he laughed right out loud and everybody stared, so after church he had to tell them what was the matter. But I like ministers and I will stick up for them anyway.

HER VIEW OF BOYS.

THE boy is not an animal, yet he can be heard to a considerable distance. When a boy hollers, he opens his big mouth like frogs, but girls hold their tongue till they are spoken to, and then they answer respectable and tell just how it was. A boy thinks himself clever because he can wade where the water is deep. When the boy grows up, he is called a husband; and then he stops wading and stays out nights, but the grown-up girl is a widow and keeps house.

A NAUGHTY GIRL.

AUGUSTA KORTRECHT.

SOMETIMES when I am naughty
And am sent away to bed,
My bedstead heaves a mighty sigh,
And shakes its walnut head.
And as I lie and look about
What do you think I see?
My little yellow booties
Sticking out their tongues at me!

PART II.
GIRL VERSE IMPERSONATIONS

CHILD'S FANCIES.

JENNIE L. LYALL.

WHEN I was just a little girl,
Away back long ago,
I never thought the world was round,
Though people told me so.

Nor that the sun was shining
On a dull, dim, cloudy day—
I knew that he'd gone off somewhere,
Or else gone out to stay.

I thought the rosy little clouds
That came when sun went down
Were where the little angels slept,
As soft as softest down.

And that the stars that winked and blinked
Away, 'way up so high,
Were lanterns which the angels used
To light them through the sky.

One thing I knew, of this was sure
(I proved it in my play)—
That night-time was not half so long
As bright and sunny day.

I went to bed and fell asleep,
And then woke right up bright—
About a minute, I should think—
And there it was, daylight!

They said 'twas hours and hours I'd slept,
Taking my rest and ease.
(I didn't think it could be true—
They said it just to tease.)

I thought it was a funny world,
With things all turned about,
And what I wanted most to know
I never could find out.

Now that I am a great big girl,
This I will say to you:
I'm busy yet, and trying hard
To find out what is true.

BAD DREAM.

MY foot's asleep! My foot's asleep!
Oh, dear! What shall I do?
It's dreaming of a hundred pins
That prick me through and through.

It's dreaming of a hornet's nest,
With forty thousand stings,
It's dreaming of a million sparks—
The fiery burning things.

Oh, dear! Oh, dear! I'm punished well,
'Twas very wrong, I know,
To sit so long upon the floor,
And dilly-dally so.

Grimms's Fairy Tales were in my hand,
The duster in my lap;
And so my foot improved the time
To take a little nap.

ARTIST.

[Girl holds palette and brushes.]

I'VE painted an old hen as black as a crow,
And her chickens pink, white and blue,
A little mouse red, a pink and blue cat,
And a dear little white kitten, too.

I've painted some roses yellow and red,
With leaves the bluest I've seen;
For I never could see why roses bright
Had leaves of such sober green.

Papa said my chickens looked "*bright* as could be,"
Called my roses a "species rare";
And he smiled—I guess he is proud of me,
When I showed him a girl with pink hair.

I'll paint some big pictures when I grow up.
What of? I'm sure I can't tell;
But I'll ask a hundred dollars apiece
For every picture I sell.

I could tell you much about "Crimson Lake,"
About yellow, "Naples" and "Chrome";
But perhaps I had better not stop to-day—
They'll be looking for me at home.

WHAT I HAVE.

I HAVE a little nose, and I have a little chin,
And a little mouth, just here, to put my dinner in.
These are my little eyes, with lids to shut them, so;
And these are little ears—I hear with them, you know.
These are my little hands, eight fingers you can see,
And two small thumbs, as well, which all belong to me.
Two legs, on which I stand, two feet, with which I walk,
Two rosy lips, to kiss, a tongue, with which I talk.
Two little chubby arms, to put round mother's neck,
When o'er my cot she bends at night, and when I wake.

MAKING CALLS.

[Girl wears long dress and hat and carries basket on arm.]

DO you not think I look funny?
I have come to make you a call;
I have my work in my basket,
My mending and knitting and all.

The children are all well, I thank you,
But baby, who has a bad cold,
She's the dearest little baby,
And she'll soon be half a year old.

She came to our home last Christmas,
Yet it seems only yesterday;
How pretty she looked, the darling!
Her name is Miss Violet May.

I cannot make calls to-morrow,
For I have my cooking to do;
I must make some pies and puddings,
And do hard enough work for two.

And all because my naughty cook
Got cross and went away;
We mothers do have such hard times
In getting a girl who will stay.

Good-bye! you must come and see me;
Don't ask me, I cannot stay;
I must go right home to the children,
There'll be mischief while I'm away.

If other little girls can speak, I think that I can, too,
So I'll just tell you whom I love; I hope you'll hear me through.
I love my papa and mamma, my sisters and my brothers,
And then I love old Santa Claus, and many, many others.

MY TEN DOLLIES.

MAY BYRON.

[Girl should show different doll as she speaks. All dolls are grouped in final tableau.]

I'M going to tell you the story sad
Of all the dollies I've ever had:
Some of them lasted years and years,
But they came to an end at last, poor dears.

Some had names, and some had none,
But I loved them fondly, every one;
Some were big and some were small,
But, ugly or pretty, I liked them all!

The first I cared for ever so much,
Her name was Jane, her figure was Dutch.
But she lay on the floor (this was my fault rather),
And was trampled on (by mistake) by father.

The next was a gallant soldier man
In a scarlet uniform spick and span.
But when we moved—O, how unkind!—
In the empty house he was left behind.

Dear old Rag-doll, she was another—
I'm sure I made her a loving mother.
But the puppy ate her—he did, indeed!
And I only hope that she disagreed.

Then there was beautiful Betsy Brown,
With her curly hair and her scarlet gown:
She was black all over, as black as night,
Till she fell in the bath and came out white.

The China Doll, though she couldn't squeak,
Was very pretty and lasted a week.
And then—for want of taking care—
She broke herself by a fall from a chair.

Then for a while I was very happy,
Playing about with dear little Jappy,
But—though I cannot think how she *could*—
She *did* get lost in a primrose wood.

The Golliwogg, though extremely plain,
Was nice to hold in a railway train.
But Baby took him, and threw him about,
And the window was open—so Golly dropped out.

Then father bought, as he'd promised to do,
A Sailor Boy in a suit of blue.
I loved him the best of all the lot,—
But he drifted to sea upon Tom's toy yacht.

Punch was the next—not quite a dolly,
But very funny and merry and jolly,
But he fell in the dust-bin—I don't know how—
And no doubt the dustmen have got him now.

The Zulu doll was something quite new;
I thought her a darling, and so would you.
I gave her away to the cook's little sister,
Who was ill in bed. And oh, how I missed her!

The big wax doll was so very fine,
I never could think she was really mine;
I felt quite shy to nurse and tend her,—
Till she melted down at the nursery fender.

But now I've a family—ten, no less!
Sweet to play with, and easy to dress.
And I hope that nothing will ever go wrong,
But we all shall live happy our whole life long!

See what a heap of flowers I have, they're in my hat—look here!
I gathered them myself, to-day, for my own mamma dear.
I think she'll like them very much, and I know what she'll say.
She'll say—"Why, these are very sweet, thank you, my little May."

DEAR LITTLE GOOSE.

MARY MAPES DODGE.

WHILE I'm in the *ones,* I can frolic all the day;
I can laugh, I can jump, I can run about and play.
But when I'm in the *tens,* I must get up with the lark,
And sew, and read, and practice, from early morn till dark.

When I'm in the *twenties,* I'll be like sister Jo;
I'll wear the sweetest dresses (and, maybe, have a beau);
I'll go to balls and parties, and wear my hair up high,
And not a girl in all the town shall be as gay as I.

When I'm in the *thirties,* I'll be just like mamma;
And, maybe, I'll be married to a splendid big papa.
I'll order things, and go to teas, and grow a little fat,
(But, mother is so sweet and nice, I'll not object to that).

Oh, what comes after thirty? The *forties!* mercy, my!
When I grow as old as forty, I think I'll have to die;
But like enough the world won't last until we see that day,
It's so very, very, very, *very,* VERY far away!

LESSON FOR MAMMA.

SYDNEY DAYRE.

DEAR mamma, if you just could be
A tiny little girl like me,
And I your mamma, you would see
How nice I'd be to you.
I'd always let you have your way;
I'd never frown at you, and say,
"You are behaving ill to-day;
Such conduct will not do."

I'd always give you jelly-cake
For breakfast, and I'd never shake
My head, and say, "You must not take
So very large a slice."
I'd never say, "My dear, I trust
You will not make me say you *must*
Eat up your oatmeal"; or "The crust,
You'll find it very nice."

I'd buy you candy every day;
I'd go downtown with you, and say,
"What would my darling like? You may
Have anything you see."
I'd never say, "My pet, you know
'Tis bad for health and teeth, and so
I cannot let you have it." No;
It would be wrong in me.

And every day I'd let you wear
Your nicest dress, and never care
If it should get a great big tear;
I'd only say to you,
"My precious treasure, never mind,
For little clothes will tear, I find."
Now, mamma, wouldn't that be kind?
That's just what I should do.

I'd never say, "Well, just a few!"
I'd let you stop your lessons, too;
I'd say, "They are too hard for you,
Poor child, to understand."
I'd put the books and slates away;
You shouldn't do a thing but play.
And have a party every day,
Ah-h-h, wouldn't that be grand?

But, mamma dear, you cannot grow
Into a little girl, you know,
And I can't be your mamma; so
  The only thing to do,
Is just for you to try and see
How very, very nice 'twould be
For you to do all this for me.
  Now, mamma, couldn't you?

WASHING-DAY.

WHILE mother is tending baby
  We'll help her all we can;
For I'm her little toddlekins,
  And you're her little man.
And Nell will bring the basket
  For she's the biggest daughter,
And I'll keep rubbing, rubbing,
  And you'll pour in the water.
And now we'll have to hurry,
  Because it's getting late;
Poor dolly isn't dressed yet,
  But dolly'll have to wait.
I'll pour, and you can rub them,
  Whichever you had rather;
But seems to me, if I keep on,
  We'll get a quicker lather.
Maybe when mother sees us
  Taking so much troubles,
She'll let us put our pipes in
  And blow it full of bubbles.
But now we'll have to hurry,
  Because it's getting late;
And dolly isn't dressed yet,
  But dolly'll have to wait.

DOLLY'S MAMMA.

I AM this dolly's mamma, and I'm very proud to say,
That she was born at my house on a lovely Christmas day.
She once had golden ringlets and such shiny eyes of blue,
And this hole in her face is where one pretty eye fell through.
She's had the whoopsy-floopsies and she's had the whooping-cough,
And I wash'd her in hot water and it made her hair come off.
She's only got one leg and so she cannot walk about,
And I must get her mended where the sawdust's coming out.

CHORUS.

I've got a big menagerie, I've got a lot of toys,
I've got a little woolly dog that barks and makes a noise;
I've got a wooden horsie and a little wooden cart,
But this old busted dollie is the idol of my heart.

She used to call for mamma when I pulled a little string,
And when I squeezed her stomach she would try so hard to sing;
But now she never says a word because some naughty boys
Have taken out the little thing that used to make the noise.
Last summer, when the daisies and the buttercups were here,—
Oh, I was so sick that papa thought he'd lose his little dear,
And no one came to see me when my face got awful red;
But dolly wasn't scared a bit,—she slept right in my bed.

[*Chorus*]

I've got another dolly that I very seldom see,
She's such a lovely lady that she cannot play with me.
My mamma thinks I'd break her and I really think I would,
For till a dolly's broken I don't think it's any good;
She's dress'd up like a lady in the finest silk and lace,
And I know just where to find her for I've seen her hiding-place;
But I prefer this dolly that is falling all apart,
For she's the sweetest darling, and the idol of my heart.

[*Chorus*]

A DREADFUL MISTAKE.

SUCH a dreadful mistake! I really
Don't know what I ever shall do!
You must never tell anyone, truly,
If I tell it to you.

You see, it kept getting darker
And darker and I couldn't wait;
I thought papa never was coming,
It was getting dreadfully late.

I stayed on the porch and waited
Till I felt just dreadfully bad—
But just then I heard papa coming
And you can guess I was glad!

I ran down the walk to meet him
And cried, "Is it really you?
I thought you never were coming
And I'd saved my best kiss for you!"

"Is that so, puss?" he answered,
"Let me have it then, quick as you can."
And it wasn't papa at all,
But my sister Sue's young man!

FAMILY AFFAIR.

THAT troubled old woman who lived in a shoe,
When Christmas came 'round, pray what did she do?
With all of those children to furnish with toys—
Those cross little girls, and those bad little boys?
I'll tell you: You know that old woman was wise,
And she hung up the stocking of marvelous size,
That belonged to the shoe; and that you can see,
Held presents enough for the whole fam-i-lee.

LEARNING THEIR LETTERS.

NOW, little kitty, come to me,
And learn to say your letters.
"Mew-ew-ew!—meow—yeow, mee-ow!"
And so she mews her letters.

'A, B, C, D, E, F, G—
Why don't you speak each letter?
H, I, J—there, that's the way!
Says kitty, "I know better!"

Now, little doggy, come to me,
And learn to say your letters.
"Bow-wow-wow! Wow-wow-ow-ow!"
And so he barks his letters.

Now, little rooster, come to me,
And learn to say your letters.
"Kickery-kee! Co-doodle-doo!"
And so he crows his letters.

Now, big lion, come to me,
And learn to say your letters.
"Ro-wo-oh! Oh! wo-o-oh!"
And so he roars his letters.

Now, little laddie, climb my knee,
And learn to say your letters.
"A, B, C, D, E, F, G!"
And so he names his letters.

"A, B, C, D, E, F, G!"
The dear old lesson learning.
"H, I, J," sweet lips will say,
Till the big round earth stops turning!

GROWING OLD.

I'M six years old this morning, mother,
I must get up right away;
I never was near so old before,
As I'm going to be to-day!
I can cook your breakfast now, I think,
And, if papa'd let me try,
I know I could say the blessing,
To our Father up in the sky!

This dress has got to be fixed; some way
It chokes me round my waist;
My shoes pinch more than they used to—
I guess I won't have them laced;
You needn't bring warm water, now—
I can wash just as well in cold—
I had to have it when I was five,
But not when I'm six years old.

Where do all my birthdays come from?
And where do they go to?—say!
Where is the five that I used to be,
And the six that I am to-day?
Does God keep them all for the children,
And send them down from the sky?
And when the birthdays are all used up,
Is that what makes us die?

Ho, hum! I'm most a big lady!
When some more of my birthdays come,
I s'pose I'll marry—the girls all do—
And live in some other home.
What'll you and papa think of that?
Don't you guess you'll sometimes say,
"How I wish the child was back again,
Just six years old to-day!"

DOLL TOPSY.

I'VE got a doll called Topsy,
She's black as black can be.
I really think a blacker face,
I never yet did see.

When first I got poor Topsy,
Tom called her "little fright,"
And said, "Now, Moll, if I were you
I'd try to wash her white."

So I got some soap and water,
But it wasn't any good,
For she kept as black as ever,
Rub and scrub her as I would.

But still I love her dearly,
And so, I'm sure, would you,
For she's so good, and always does
What her I tell to do.

I think it does not matter,
Be my dollie black or white,
If only she will try each day
To do the thing that's right.

HER REASONS.

SOMETIMES when folks would say, "Don't touch," "don't listen, run along!"
Or, when I had been naughty and everything went wrong,
I'll whisper you a secret—I used to really wish
I wasn't born a little girl, but just a bird or fish.
Or else a little kitty-cat, with one black coat of fur,
(For when I'm all dressed up so clean, I'm most afraid to stir);

But when I think about it now I really don't wish that,
I truly wouldn't like to be the daughter of a cat!
I used to wish I was a bird, so I could fly and sing,
And never be obliged to dust, or sew, or anything.
But then I just remembered what the birdies feed on, ugh!
I really couldn't live on worms, or even bugs, could you?
To be a fish would be as bad, I've thought of flowers, too;
But, surely they can't have much fun, just staying where they grew.
And I can run and jump, and laugh, and eat the nicest things!
Then there's the doll and playhouse; the rowboat and the swings.
So I say, "remember, Helen," when I'm feeling cross or sad,
"Because you were born a little girl you'd better just be glad!"

IF NO ONE EVER MARRIES ME.

LAURENS ALMA-TADEMA.

IF no one ever marries me—
And I don't see why they should—
For nurse says I'm not pretty,
And I'm seldom very good.

If no one ever marries me,
I shan't mind very much;
I shall buy a squirrel in a cage,
And a little rabbit-hutch.

I shall have a cottage near a wood
And a pony all my own,
And a little lamb quite clean and tame,
That I can take to town.

And when I'm getting really old—
At twenty-eight or nine—
I shall buy a little orphan girl,
And bring her up as mine.

IF NOT QUITE TRUE, IT OUGHT TO BE.

MARGARET EYTINGE.

VALENTINE'S DAY is on its way;
'Twill be here very soon,
For I heard sister Sue say so
To Bell this afternoon.
But I'm afraid nobody'll think
To send me even one,
Because I was only seven years old
When the new year begun;
And so I'll write one to myself
(I couldn't bear to be
Without a single valentine),
And play 'twas sent to me.
"Dear Gracie"—that's how I'll begin—
"You are a lovely child;
You never drive your mother or
Your grandma nearly wild;
You never tease the baby, nor
Refuse with him to play;
You study hard, and know by heart
Your lessons every day;
You keep your dress and apron neat,
Your hair is always curled,
And you are just as nice a girl
As any in the world."
There! that sounds very pretty, and
I think that it will do.
But seems to me it isn't quite
Exactly truly true.
But then it ought to be, and that's
Almost, I think, the same,
And so down in the corner here
I'll sign a make-believe name.

I AM BUT A LITTLE GIRL.

I AM but a little girl, I know,
Not quite so old as you,
But yet there's many a useful thing
A little girl can do.

I help dear mother every day,
By doing all I'm told;
And maybe you don't always mind,
Even if you are so old.

I feed the hens, I pick up chips,
I mind the baby too;
Indeed, I cannot tell you half
This little girl can do!

I'M GLAD I AM A LITTLE GIRL.

I'M glad I am a little girl
And have the afternoons for play,
For if I was a busy bee
I suppose I'd have to work all day.

And if I was an owl I'd be
Afraid to keep awake all night,
And if I was an elephant
How could I learn to be polite?

And if I was the Jersey calf
I might forget my name and age;
And if I was a little dog,
I couldn't read the children's page.

My sakes! when I begin to count
It makes my head go all a-whirl.
There are so many reasons why
I'm glad I am a little girl.

IT.

ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.

I'M Kittie, and I'm four years old—
My playmates all are more;
Sometimes they're five and sometimes six,
But I'm just always four.
And when we play at any games,
Because I'm little Kit
I can't have fun as much as they,
For I am always "it."

In hide-and-seek I never hide,
But find them when they call.
In playing store I always buy
And never sell at all.
Sometimes I'd like to keep the store,
Or hide a little bit,
But then, of course, I never can,
Because I'm always "it."

And when I told papa to-day,
He took me on his knee,
And rocked and laughed and held me tight
And sang a song to me.
And when 'twas after supper time
And all the lamps were lit,
He said, "We'll play at 'sweethearts' now,
And, course, you must be 'it'."

I am a little girl just six years old,
And I love temperance better than gold;
I'll touch not, taste not, handle not the wine,
And every little girl like me the temperance pledge should sign.
Now let every little girl that lists to my song
Hoorah for temperance all the day long.

"I'M HURRIED, CHILD."

OH, mother, look! I've found a butterfly
Hanging upon a leaf. Do tell me why
There is no butter! Oh, do see its wings!
I never, never saw such pretty things—
All streaked and striped with blue and brown and
gold.
Where is its home when all the days are cold?
"Yes, yes, I'm hurried, child,"
Is all she says.

Last night my dolly quite forgot her prayers,
And when she thought you had gone downstairs,
Then dolly was afraid, and so I said:
"Just don't you mind, but say them in your bed,
Because I think that God is just as near."
When dolls are afraid do you suppose God hears?
"Yes, yes, I'm hurried, child,"
Is all she says.

Oh, come and see the flowers in the sky—
The sun has left, and won't you, by-and-by,
Dear mother, take me in your arms and tell
Me all about the pussy in the well?
Then tell me of the babies in the wood?
And then, perhaps, about Red Riding Hood?
"Too much to do! Hush! hush!"—I drive you
wild?
"Yes, yes, I'm hurried, child,"
Is that all you say?

[*Child goes off and sits down a while, seemingly puzzled. Comes back and looks up into mother's face.*]

Oh, mother, mother, do you know
The reason because you are hurried so?
I wonder if God has more time up there
For little children in His care?

I'll try to climb those golden stairs
To-morrow morn, and then I'll see
If God will say, "I'm hurried, child,"
To little me.

"LAZY FOLKS TAKE THE MOST PAINS."

I NEVER could tell what my grandmother meant,
Though she has the wisest of brains;
"I have noticed," she said, "in the course of my life,
That lazy folks take the most pains."

I hated to mend that short rip in the skirt
Of my dress, where the pocket hole strains;
And grandmother saw it, and laughed as she said,
"Yes, lazy folks take the most pains."

And that same little rip, when I went out to ride,
Was caught on my bicycle chains;
Oh, then I remembered what grandmother said:
"That lazy folks take the most pains."

For, instead of an inch, I must sew up a yard,
And it's just as her maxim explains;
I shall always believe what my grandmother said,
That "lazy folks take the most pains."

I AM SEVEN AND CAN SEW.

MARY L. B. BRANCH.

[Girl sews as she talks.]

I AM learning to sew, and I'm learning very fast.
I push the needle in and out, and make the stitches strong;
I'm sewing blocks of patchwork for my dolly's pretty bed,
And mamma says the way I work it will not take me long.
It's over and over—do you know
How over-and-over stitches go?

I have begun a handkerchief; mamma turned in the edge,
And basted it with pink thread to show me where to sew.
It has Greenaway children on it stepping staidly by a hedge!
I look at them when I get tired, or the needle pricks, you know.
And that is the way I learn to hem
With hemming stitches—do you do them?

Next I shall learn to run, and darn, and back-stitch, too, I guess.
It wouldn't take me long, I know, if 't wasn't for the thread;
But the knots keep coming, and besides—I shall have to confess—
Sometimes I slip my thimble off, and use my thumb instead!
When your thread knots what do you do?
And does it turn all brownish, too?

My papa, he's a great big man, as much as six feet high;
He's more than forty, and his hair has gray mixed with the black;
Well, he can't sew! he can't begin to sew as well as I.
If he loses off a button, mamma has to set it back!
You mustn't think me proud, you know,
But I am seven, and I can sew!

MODERN FAIRY STORY.

I'LL tell you a story, mamma,
I'll "make it up," you know—
There once was a little princess,
Lived years and years ago;

Her mother loved and loved her,
And never made her mind,
And let her eat the sweeties,
And, oh! was very kind.

She stayed up late like "grown-ups,"
Her mother liked her too,
And—won't you make this story
Come just exactly true?

GUESS WHO.

NELLIE R. CAMERON.

[In Martha Washington costume.]

I'M going to a party.
We all wear funny dresses
And personate some character,
And everybody guesses.

Marie will dress for Bopeep,
And James, for Uncle Sam.
Now are you good at guessing?
Just tell me who I am.

My dress is so old-fashioned
That surely you must know
That I am some grand lady
Who lived long years ago.

I'm trying to look stately,
My husband was so great,
For he was the first President
Of the United States.

So well he loved his country,
So well he did his part,
He was first in peace and war, too,
And first in every heart.

Now surely you must know me.
Why any child could see—
And after all I've told you!
How stupid you must be!

Well, can you keep a secret?
Won't you tell anyone?
Come close and let me whisper—
I'm Martha Washington.

LITTLE HOUSEKEEPER.

KATE ALLYN.

I'M dreadful busy working,
I have such lots to do;
I've got to bake and iron,
And never will get through.
I've just hung out my washing,
And rinsed out all my tubs;
It almost skins my fingers,
Giving such awful rubs.
My cake is baking nicely,
In Katy's frying pan!
I tried to make some jumbles,
But don't believe I can.
I'm grating up some nutmeg
(It's really only bark),
I almost believe it's poison—
It looks so awful dark.
Will you reach down my irons?
My little clothes-horse, too?
You needn't make them red hot—
A little warm will do.
I burnt my dollie's bed-quilt
Last time I ironed that;
And scorched the velvet ribbon
For Flotsie's Sunday hat!
Now I must bathe my children,
And dress them neat and clean;
They mortify me awful—
I'm ashamed to have them seen.
I've got to wash my china,
And put them away, I suppose;
How hard it is to housekeep
None but we women know!

LITTLE ANGEL.

RIGHT into our house one day
A dear little angel came;
I ran to him and softly said,
"Dear angel, what is your name?"

He said not a word in answer,
But smiled a beautiful smile;
Then I said, "May I go home with you?
Shall you go in a little while?"

But mamma said, "Dear little angel,
Don't leave us, oh, always stay!
We will all of us love you dearly,
Sweet angel, oh, don't go away!"

So he stayed, and he stayed, and we loved him
As we could not have loved another;
Do you want to know what his name is?
His name is—*my little brother!*

SHE CAN SEW.

SEE! I'm making patchwork!
I dearly love to sew;
Just watch my thumb and fingers,
See how fast they go.

This quilt is for my dolly,
I have it nearly done;
Mamma calls it work to sew,
While I just think it's fun.

Sometimes my thread gets knotted,
Or my needle won't go through;
That makes me cross, then mamma comes
And shows me what to do.

She calls me "little seamstress,"
And says, when I get tall,
That my own dresses I can mend
Without her help at all.

Well, there! I guess I'll fold this up!
It must be time to go;
Do you think that I feel proud
Because I know how to sew?

LITTLE HELPER.

PAULINE FRANCES CAMP.

PERHAPS you think, because I'm small
There's not much I can do;
If I should tell you all the things,
You'd hardly believe 'twas true!
But mamma says, that I am her
Real, helpful little daughter;
I give the kitty-cats their milk,
The birdies, seed and water;
I sew my papa's buttons on,
And find his slippers too;
I thread dear grandma's needles,
And I cheer folks when they're blue.
Now don't you see what lots of help
A little girl can be?
If ever you've too much to do,
You'd better send for me.

DOLL'S WEDDING.

I AM so glad that the sunshine has driven the clouds away,
For my dolly, my darling dolly, is going to be married to-day.
She has had a great many suitors—a dozen, I do declare—
And only last week, Wednesday, she refused a millionaire.

Sophie Read is his mother; she thought we'd feel so grand
That a doll with a diamond stud should offer my child his hand.
But Rose cares little for money, and she's given her heart away
To Charlie, the gallant sailor, who will make her his bride to-day.
Nora has made her a bride-cake, with frosting as white as snow,
And I wove her bridal-wreath from the tiniest flowers that blow,
And brother Harry has promised (he's ever so kind, I'm sure,)
To lend them his beautiful yacht when they sail on their wedding-tour.
We make believe it's the ocean, the lake in the park, you know;
And Charlie, the little sailor, is so delighted to go.
Oh, my! he does look cunning in his suit of navy blue.
His mother, my most particular friend, is little Nelly Drew.
Look! they are coming, Mary. Oh, they are a lovely pair!
Charlie, the black-eyed sailor, and Rose with her golden hair.
Doesn't she look like a fairy peeping out from a fleecy cloud,
In that lovely dress and veil? But we mustn't talk out loud.
If I could just squeeze out a tear—I suppose it's the proper thing,
Since she is my only child—but, indeed, I would rather sing,
For the sun is shining brightly, and everything seems gay,
And to Charlie, the dear little sailor, my dolly is married to-day.

AFTERNOON TEA.

ABBY FARWELL BROWN.

BETTY McGEE to an afternoon tea
Invited my dollie, my kittie, and me.
"An afternoon tea, in the morning at nine,
And please to be prompt in the rain or the shine.
The tea will be cocoa, of course, you must know,"
Said Betty to me: and I promised to go.

An afternoon tea is the stylishest thing!
I put on my prettiest necklace and ring,
And mamma's long skirt, and a bonnet of red,
And did up my hair on the top of my head.

I made dollie sweet in a blue kimono,
And dressed kitty up in her very best bow.
Then I took sister's card-case, with cards for us three,
I know how to act at an afternoon tea!

But what do you think? When the morning had come,
And we asked if Miss Betty McGee was at home,
They giggled and said she had "gone out to play;
She must have forgotten that this was the day!"
Forgotten her guests, though the clock stood at nine,
And we were all ready for rain or for shine!

Forgotten the cocoa—forgotten it all,
While she was unstylishly playing at ball!
"Please tell her," I said, in my haughtiest way,
"It was very bad form!" Then we bade them good-day.
And that was the end of the afternoon tea
For poor little dollie, and kitty, and me.

LONESOME LITTLE GIRL.

MY mother is the prettiest thing—
She still looks but a girl, folks say;
I wish she was a girl, for then
Together we could play!

I'm six years old—or will be soon—
And I'm all the child she's got:
And sometimes when 'tis lonely, why,
I wish there was a lot!

For mother has to work so hard,
A-dancing nights and pouring tea
Each afternoon, she has no time
To romp and play with me!

I wish some nights she'd stay at home,
And, when it's time to go to bed,
She'd hear my prayers instead of nurse,
Then when it's dark I'd have no dread.

If she'd just let me hold her hand—
Her pretty hand, with all its rings;
And I can go right off to sleep
If mother only sings!

But mother has no time, she says,
To humor little girls, because she
Gets tired out with balls and things
That keep her up to three.

I hark each night for mother's step,
And then I call out loud and clear,
"Hope you'll have a lovely time,"
And "Good-night, mother, dear."

But when she's gone, and down below
I hear the carriage door slam to,
I feel so lonely I could cry,
And sometimes perhaps I do.

MAUD'S PROBLEM.

I DON'T want to think
And I'm tired of play,
There's everything crooked and wrong to-day.
The cat's run off,
And Rose is forlorn,
And my very best dress is wrinkled and torn;
And I'm not a bit hungry,
Or I'd eat and eat,
So what can I do but swing my feet?
I wish I was big folks,
And naughty, too;
There's no one to whip them whatever they do.
But they must have been whipped
When little and bad,
If they stole jam and things and got naughty and mad.

Well, then who whipped them?
I can't, I can't see—
Why, their fathers and mothers, as mine do me!

But the fathers and mothers,
Who whipped them?
Why, Mrs. Noah did Japhet and Shem!

Well, then who whipped Eve?
Why, Adam, I guess.
For she stole apples and cried for a dress.

But Adam wasn't punished,
Not a single bit;
There wasn't anyone round who could do it.

Oh, my head aches,
Thinking it out!
When's my time coming to keep a stick about?

Oh, I know, now!
The very thing, too.
I'll grow up fast, oh! awful fast, as other folks do.

And I'll buy some little girls,
And lots and lots of boys,
And I'll whip them for the least bad thing, and
every speck of noise!

MY DOLLY.

[Girl holds big wax doll.]

THERE was a dear dolly who came in my stocking,
One night when to earth many dollies were flocking,
Her gown was of rose, she'd ruffles and bows,
From her soft yellow curls to her wee slippered toes.
But she hasn't a name—now isn't it shocking?
The dear little dolly who came in my stocking.

MOTHER'S MAY-DAY.

MARGARET J. STANNARD.

WHEN mother was a little girl,
She had a holiday,
And always could a-Maying go
Upon the first of May.
She gathered pale anemones,
And violets white and blue,
And found the sweet arbutus buds
That in the dry leaves grew.

When mother was a little girl
(She told us this to-day),
She always made her May baskets
Before the first of May.
She's told us how to make them, too,
And we are going to try;
For mother thinks they're nicer far
Than any you can buy.

When mother was a little girl,
Not quite so young as we,
She always could go out again
On May-day after tea.
So all her baskets she would fill
With flowers picked that day,
Then hang one at each playmate's door
And ring and run away.

When mother was a little girl,
They chose a Queen of May,
Who wore a crown of lovely flow'rs
And made the rest obey;
And once they had the May-pole dance,
Right out upon the green;
That must have been the nicest time—
For mother dear was Queen!

MERRY LITTLE TODDLEKINS.

JOHN BRIND.

I'M merry little Toddlekins,
And full of life and fun
I love to laugh and cheerful be
Whene'er I play or run.
I like to hear when I am out
My friends and parents say,
Here's merry little Toddlekins,
Who's always bright and gay.
Of course, when I'm at school, you know,
I use my quietest style;
But still I find I learn as quick
As those who never smile.
Indeed, the teachers, one and all,
Who take me always say,
Here's merry little Toddlekins,
Who's always bright and gay.
And then when we go out to play
We jump and romp about;
I try my best to please all those
Who feel inclined to pout.
For I'm so jolly in myself,
I want them all to say,
Let's be like merry Toddlekins,
Who is so bright and gay.
And don't you think it better, now,
That I should always try
To keep as cheerful as I can,
Whate'er the troubles nigh?
I'm sure that cheerful hearts are best
In life when troubles tend,
So I'll be merry Toddlekins
And gleeful to the end.

SINCE WILL TURNED INTO A BOY.

F. A. STEELE.

MY brother Will, he used to be
The nicest kind of girl;
He wore a little dress like me,
And had his hair in curl.
We played with dolls and tea-sets then,
And every kind of toy;
But all those good old times are gone;
Will turned into a boy.

Mamma has made him little suits,
With pockets in the pants,
And cut off all his yellow curls,
And sent them to my aunts.
And Will, he was so pleased, I believe,
He almost jumped with joy;
But I must own I didn't like
Will turned into a boy.

And now he plays with horrid tops
I don't know how to spin;
And marbles that I try to shoot,
But never hit nor win;
And leapfrog—I can't give a "back"
Like Charley, Frank, or Roy.
Oh, no one knows how bad I feel
Since Will has turned a boy.

I have to wear frocks just the same,
And now they're mostly white;
I have to sit and just be good,
While Will can climb and fight.
But I must keep my dresses nice,
And wear my hair in curl;
And worse, oh, worsest thing of all,
I have to stay a girl!

MY GRANDMAMMA.

EVA MARCH TAPPAN.

GRANDMAMMA wears a soft gray gown;
It's silky when I smooth it down.
I hope I'll wear a soft gray gown
When I am old like her.

Grandmamma's hair is snowy white;
It always sparkles in the light.
I hope my hair will be as bright
When I am old like her.

Grandmamma's smile is very sweet;
My papa says it "can't be beat."
I hope my smile will be as sweet
When I am old like her.

Grandmamma knows I love her well;
I love her more than I can tell.
I hope little girls will love me well
When I am old like her.

NELLY TELLS HOW BABY CAME.

THOMAS S. COLLIER.

THERE'S no use of your talking, for mamma told me so,
And if there's any one that does, my mamma ought to know;
For she has been to Europe and seen the Pope at Rome,
Though she says that was before I came to live with her at home.

You see, we had no baby,—unless you call me one,
And I have grown so big, you know, 'twould have to be in fun,—
When I went to see grandma, about two weeks ago,
And now we've one, a little one, that squirms and wiggles so.

And mamma says an angel came down from heaven above,
And brought this baby to her for her and me to love;
And it's got the cunningest of feet, as little as can be,
And shining eyes and curly hair, and hands you scarce can see.

And then it never cries a bit, like some bad babies do;
And papa says it looks like me—I don't think so, do you?
For I'm a girl and it's a boy, and boys I can't endure;
Unless they're babies like our own, they'll plague and tease you, sure.

But you say the angel didn't come; now you just tell me why;
The Bible says there's angels in heaven, and that's up in the sky;
And Christ loves little babies, and God made everything,
And if the angels didn't *who* did our baby bring?

You can't tell; no, I guess you can't, but mamma ought to know,
For it's her baby—hers and ours—and mamma told me so;
And they don't make any cunning things like him on earth, you see,
For no wax doll, with real hair, is half so nice as he.

I know an angel brought him, and I think one brought me too;
Though I don't just remember, and so can't tell, can you?
But mamma knows; and this I know,—the baby wasn't home
When I went away, and now he is. If you want to see him, come.

For mamma says if I am good I can kiss him every day,
And we'll kiss him now, and then go out and have a nice long play;
And if anybody asks you how babies come and go,
Why, tell them it's the angels, for mamma told me so.

MY MAMMA.

ESTELLE W. CRAMPTON.

WHEN I sit on my mamma's knee,
The nicest stories that can be
She tells, about the times when she
Was just a little girl like me.

She used to like to run and play,
And stay outdoors almost all the day,
And hunt for eggs out in the hay.
Oh! if my mamma could, some way,

Just be a little girl now, too!
We'd play and play the whole day through.
A lot of jolly things we'd do
—If only wishes could come true!

But when I get all tired with play,
Who'd help me put my toys away,
And tuck me up at night, and pray
To God to keep me till the day?

Who'd light the fire so warm and bright,
And bring me water in the night,
And call me little "heart's delight"?
—I guess a grown-up mother's right!

MY GRANDMA.

ANNA PASCHALL.

MY grandma sits in a rocking-chair,
By the window, in the sun;
She wears a soft little lacy cap,
And a big white apron over her lap,
And there's always room for a little girl there
That's tired of frolic and fun.

My grandma has always a pocket full
Of peppermint drops and cakes;
And she knows such pretty songs that she sings,
And stories about—oh, lots of things.
And sometimes she lets me wind the wool
For the stockings and things she makes.

She told me a queer thing the other day,
And she says it's really true—
My grandma had soft red cheeks one time,
And hair that was just as black as mine;
And she could run and tumble and play,
And all the things I can do!

I wish I had known my grandma then;
How very nice it would be
If grandma were little and played with me,
Dressing our dollies, and going to tea,
And swinging, and watching the bantam hen,
And climbing the cherry-tree!

But when we were too tired out to play,
And the sandman crept along,
What should I do for my grandma's lap,
And her songs to drowsy me into a nap?
I'm glad my grandma is old and gray,
While I'm just little and young!

MY MOTHER.

I MUST not tease my mother,
For she is very kind;
And everything she says to me,
I must directly mind.

For when I was an infant,
And could not speak or walk,
She let me in her bosom sleep,
And taught me how to talk.

I must not tease my mother;
And when she likes to read,
Or has the headache, I will step
Quite silently, indeed.

I will not choose a noisy play,
Nor trifling troubles tell,
But sit down quiet by her side
And try to make her well.

NEARLY TEN.

WHEN a body comes to be nearly ten,
Ah! all sorts of troubles beset her then.
At least if the body happens to be
The eldest of all in the famil-*y*,
Whose mother's at work the whole of the day;
And *I'm* that body, I may as well say!

There isn't a baby in all our street
Who's nearly as pretty, or half as sweet
As our little Sally; but, oh, dear me!
It's strange how heavy that baby can be.
And Tommy's a wonderful boy, I know;
But sometimes that child does bother me so.

It's "Hush-a-bye baby," and off she goes;
But if I put her down, that baby knows.
And, as soon as she's really fast asleep,
Then down on the floor our Tommy will creep.
And it's —"Don't wake baby, be quiet, *do!*"
Or—"Tommy, you'll pull that cat's tail in two."

But, perhaps, when a body's worn out quite,
Her dear little mother will come in sight.
Then it's—"Polly, my pet, what should I do
If I hadn't a good little girl like you?"
And, somehow, a body feels glad just then
She's a grown-up girl of nearly ten!

THE OTHER LITTLE GIRL.

BLANCHE TRENNOR HEATH.

I'M Nelly, and my brother's Gus;
We live here in our flat;
And pa and ma they live with us,
And baby and the cat.
Though I'm a girl, and Gus a boy,
We don't call names and strike,
Nor quarrel who shall have a toy,
But share them all alike.
But there's a horrid little girl
That visits us—O, my!
She keeps us all in such a whirl!
She'll stamp and scold and cry!

Then Gus talks back, and baby screams,
And papa shakes his head,
And mamma says she really seems
Some naughty elf instead!
But still they let her stay, you see,
For all she acts so bad,
Because the horrid girl is—Me,—
Just Me when I get mad!
I guess next time she comes to call,
This naughty little elf,
I'll stop her visits once for all,
And send her off myself!

NEW PARASOL.

I'VE got a brand new parasol,[1]
Of red silk trimmed with lace;[2]
But auntie says, "It will never keep
The shine out of *my* face."[3]

Why not, I wonder,[4] if it's held
Just in the proper place?
Why won't it keep the sunshine out
Of anybody's face?[5]

She says thick clouds would hardly do,
Much less red silk and lace,[2]
To keep the merry sunshine out
Of such a dimpled face.[3]

But mamma says, "Go, take a walk,[6]
And never mind Aunt Grace;"
I expect I'll have to let the sun
Keep shining in my face.[2]

1. Holds parasol over shoulder. 2. Puts up hand and touches lace. 3. Touches cheek. 4. Pauses and looks at parasol, and holds it upright. 5. Points along audience. 6. Walks across stage.

WHAT SHALL BABY'S NAME BE?

YOU have birds in a cage,
And you've beautiful flowers,
But you haven't at your house
What we have at ours.
'Tis the prettiest thing
That you ever did see,
Just as dear and as precious,
As precious can be.

'Tis my own baby sister,
Just seven days old;
And too little for any
But grown folks to hold.
Oh! I know you would love her;
She's as fresh as a rose,
And she has such a queer
Tiny bit of a nose;

And the dearest and loveliest
  Pink little toes,
Which seem, I tell mother,
  Only made to be kissed;
And she keeps her wee hand
  Doubled up in a fist.
She is quite without hair,
  But she has beautiful eyes;
She always looks pretty—
  Except when she cries.

And what name we shall give her,
  There's no one can tell;
For my father says Sarah,
  And mother likes Belle.
And my great-uncle John—
  He's an old-fashioned man—
Wants her named for his wife
  Who is dead—Mary Ann.

But the name I have chosen
  The darling to call,
Is a name that is prettier
  Far than them all.
And to give it to baby
  My heart is quite set;
It is: Violet Mabel
  Rose Stella Marzette.

SHALL I BE LIKE GRANDMA?

SHALL I be like grandma when I am old?
  Shall I wear such a queer little bonnet—
No feathers, no posies, but just a plain fold
  With a little white edging upon it?

Shall I sit in an easy-chair all the day long
With a great ball of wool and a stocking?
Shall I think it quite dreadful for folks to do wrong,
And dirt and disorder quite shocking?

Shall I wear a white cap full of dear little bows,
And a row of white curls on my forehead?
Shall I keep my face clean, and take care of my clothes,
And never be snappish and horrid?
Shall I think that the Bible's the nicest of books,
And remember the sermon on Sunday?
And not think how stupid the minister looks,
And wish it would only be Monday?

Just wait till I tell you what grandma once said,
I hope that you won't think me crazy,
It happened one day when they sent me to bed
For being ill-tempered and lazy.
She came and sat by me and patted my hand,
And told me, "There's no use in crying;
It's by stumbling, my pet, that we know how to stand,
And we always grow better by trying."

"Was anyone ever so wicked as me?"
I asked her between my sobbing,
Then grandma laughed just as hard as could be,
And her little white curls went bobbing.
"Was anyone ever so naughty as you?
I'm sure I know of one other."
"Who was it?" I asked. "Oh, please tell me; do."
She whispered, "Your own grandmother."

Now, isn't it strange? But, of course, it is true,
I can tell you just one thing about it—
She'd not tell a story whatever she'd do,
And we'd only be silly to doubt it.

But, of course, I feel certain you never will tell,
For how perfectly dreadful 'twould be
To have people know, who all love her so well,
That grandma was ever like me.

BAKING FOR THE PARTY.

GRACE LIVINGSTON HILL.

POLLY, get your apron on;
Betty, wash your hands;
Susie, find a little rag
To grease the baking-pans.

We're going to have a party
And the dolls will all be there;
We're going to bake a cake or two;
Think what you're going to wear!

Polly, you may get three eggs,
The freshest you can find.
We'll have a frosted birthday cake
With leaves and blossoms twined.

For don't you know the biggest doll
Is four years old to-day?
To be sure her nose is broken
But we'll dress her all so gay.

Betty, cream a cup of sugar
With the yellows of the eggs;
You may use the webbed egg-beater
Hanging on those little pegs.

Susie, you may beat the whites up,
Beat till they will stand alone;
Polly put the kettle on
And don't stand there and drone.

Take a cup and then a quarter
Of white flour sifted fine;
Heap a spoon with baking powder,
Stir them till you've counted nine;

Now put into eggs and sugar
Half a cup of boiling water,
Half of all the beaten whites,
And stir them gently, little daughter.

Shake the flour in, handfuls, gently;
Beat it now, 'twill take no harm.
It must bake for thirty minutes
In an oven not too warm.

Four large spoons of boiling water
And a cup of sugar white,
Boiled together till the threads come,
Beat with whites, makes frosting light.

Spread it quickly, Polly, girlie,
With a smooth, clean silver knife.
Dolly never had such frosted
Cake before in all her life.

Wash your hands, my little Polly,
Betty, go and smooth your hair,
Susie, you may set the table;
Don't forget the doll's high chair!

For we're going to have a party
And the cake is ready quite,
Decked with blossoms, leaves and candles
In its frosted coating white.

[Small girl, face and hands all smeary.]
Guess you don't know what I'm doing.
I'm eating pie, and cake and pudding.

THE POLICEMAN.

THE nicest man I ever saw,
Dear mother, you can see,
Is the one who stands outside our school
When we're let out at three.

He's dressed just as the soldiers are;
He wears gold buttons, too;
And he stands up so proud and straight,
The way the soldiers do.

He always says, "Come, little kids,
I'll take you 'cross street;" and
I guess because I'm the littlest girl
He always holds my hand.

And all the cars and horses stop—
He's so big they don't dare
To say "Get up," and drive them on,
Because he's standing there.

He makes believe to chase the boys,
And shakes his fist, and then
He laughs and laughs, and they all come
A-scampering back again.

Sometimes he pats me on the head
And says, "Ho! little girl,
You going to wait till Christmas comes
To cut me off that curl?"

And one time when it rained, the street
Was muddy, and I cried;
He picked me up and carried me
Right to the other side.

The nicest man I ever saw,
Dear mother, you now see,
Is the one who stands outside our school
When we're let out at three.

SINCE PAPA DOESN'T DRINK.

NIXON WATERMAN.

MY papa's awful happy now, and mamma's happy, too,
Because my papa drinks no more the way he used to do.
And everything's so jolly now, it isn't like it used to be
When papa never stayed at home with poor mamma and me.

It made me feel so very bad to see my mamma cry,
And though she'd smile I'd spy the tears a-hiding in her eye.
But now she laughs just like us girls—it sounds so cute, I think—
And sings such pretty little songs, since papa doesn't drink.

You ought to see my Sunday dress—it's every bit all new;
It isn't made out of mamma's dress, the way she used to do.
And mamma's got a pretty cloak all trimmed with a funny fur,
And papa's got some nice, new clothes and goes to church with her.

My papa says that Christmas-time will pretty soon be here,
And maybe good old Santa Claus will find our house this year.
I hope he'll bring some candy and a dolly that can wink;
He'll know where our home is, I'm sure, since papa doesn't drink.

TWO LITTLE GIRLS.

[In first part, girl is dressed in long cloak, heavily trimmed hat and kid gloves, and carries opened light silk parasol. Change to country girl takes only a second. She disappears into ante-room and slips off long cloak, hat and gloves, reappearing in gingham dress, hair disheveled, and carrying old straw hat.]

1.—CITY GIRL.

WHEN I'm a little city girl,
Each day in pleasant weather
I dress myself all in my best,—
My big white hat and feather,—

My pretty Mother Hubbard cloak,
And boots and gloves all neat,
And with my silken parasol
Go walking down the street.

I fold my hands together, so,
And turn my toes quite out;
Mamma says little girls should not
Be gazing all about.

And if I run and jump, you know,
My hair gets out of curl;
So quietly I take my walk,
When I'm a city girl.

2.—Country Girl.

When I'm a little country girl,
Up almost with the sun,
I take my old straw hat, and out
Into the grass I run.

No gloves, no parasol, no hat,
It comes right off, you know,
And no one near to see how fast
Across the fields I go.

No need to think about my dress,
Or care for crimp and curl;
I run and play the livelong day
When I'm a country girl.

Oh, yes, the city suits mamma,
And sisters and the rest,
But tell me, tell me truly, which
You think I like the best.

I am here to bring you greeting and a welcome from our school,
Clapping is forbidden for you, but your smiles we won't control.

UNHAPPY LITTLE GIRL.

I DON'T know how it happened, but the world's gone wrong to-day.
There's not a bit of real fun in any sort of play.
My dolly's just as sulky, my dog won't show his tricks,
My sister, Lil, is crosser than a pair of crooked sticks;
When Rosa went to brush my hair she jerked it by the roots;
And now the rain has gone and spoiled my best new Sunday boots;
The apple that I took to school was sour as sour could be,—
There's not a thing but has a spite against poor little me.

And here's the hardest part of all—the tears were in my eyes—
I told mamma, and thought, of course, that she would sympathize;
But when she heard the story, she only smiled and said:
"I think my little girl got out the wrong side of the bed!"
And then she went and left me there as if I were to blame
Instead of other people! And it's just a perfect shame
If a girl's only mother, who should comfort her and kiss,
Is going to say cruel words and turn away like this!

The wrong side of my bed, indeed! I'd really like to see
What difference that could ever make to anyone but me.
It's other folks I'm talking of, so hateful and perverse,
Who make the good things horrid and all the bad things worse;
Like cook to-day at breakfast, who just began to scold
Because I simply told her that the porridge was all cold,
And her muffins were too heavy and no tea was in the pot.
Suppose I was a little late—she might have kept them hot!

Then Nell and Sue came after school and each one played so rough,
And talked so rudely, that at last we broke up in a huff;
And I declared I'd never play with two such hateful things;
And they said something *just as mean,* all full of pricks and stings!
I'd like to know whose fault it was, or if 'twas wrong to say
That since I was the oldest there I ought to have my way?
Now, could mamma think possibly the horrid things they said
Could have the least connection with how I got out of bed?

It makes one so unhappy! It makes one feel so blue,
To have your mother and your friends all lay the blame on you,
When anyone with half an eye can see as plain as day
It's everybody else who acts in such an awful way.
Perhaps they'll all be sorry when they see me fade away—
For who would ever want to live the life I've lived to-day?
Perhaps they'll realize, too late, how wicked and absurd
It is to crush a person down without a single word;
And then, perhaps—that is, I hope—they'll turn around and see
How perfectly preposterous their hints have been to me;
For what does this big world care, when all is done and said,
For how one wretched little girl gets in or out of bed?

VALUE OF SMILES.

J. W. FOLEY.

SOMETIMES I wonder why they smile so pleasantly at me,
And pat my head when they pass by as friendly as can be;
Sometimes I wonder why they stop to tell me, "How-d'-do,"
And ask me then how old I am and where I'm going to;
And ask me can I spare a curl and say they used to know
A little girl that looked like me, oh, years and years ago;
And I told mamma how they smiled and asked her why they do,
So she said if you smile at folks they always smile at you.
I never knew I smiled at them when they were going by,
I guess it smiled all by itself and that's the reason why;
I just look up from playing if it's anyone I know,
And they most always smile at me and maybe say, "Hello;"
And I can smile at anyone, no matter who or where,
Because I'm just a little girl with lots of them to spare;
And mamma said we ought to smile at folks, and if you do
Most always they feel better and they smile right back at you.

Dear friends, we're very glad you came to visit school to-day;
But now the entertainment's done, we all must go away.

WHEN GRANDMA WAS A LITTLE GIRL.

EDWARD OLDHAM.

WHEN grandma was a little girl, many, many years ago,
Before my time, and your time, too,
She used to wear long dresses, and long pantalets so queer,
All starched till they could stand alone—'twas funny, O my dear.
But that was a great long time, you know,
So long, long, long ago.

She used to sit as stiff in church, and still as any mouse
(And grandma says they called the churches then "the Good Lord's House").
She couldn't see the minister, the pew backs were so high;
She couldn't go to sleep or gape, and didn't dare to cry.
But that was a great long time, you know,
So long, long, long ago.

She couldn't run, and romp, and scream, and jump, like me—or you,
Nor chatter at the table, as we always like to do.
She made low courtesies, like this, and had such funny ways,
For "children must be seen, not heard," they taught her in those days.
But that was a great long time, you know,
So long, long, long ago.

The grown folks were so horrid in that old time, don't you think,
To treat a little grandma so she hardly dared to wink?
So now we must be kind to her, and try all sorts of ways
To make her happy, and forget those awful still old days.
But that was a great long time, you know,
So long, long, long ago.

I wish I was an angel now with little shiny wings,
I'd wear my white embroidered dress, instead of these old things.

TALKING TO A CHICKEN.

MARY F. BURFITT.

COME, little downy chick, chick, chick!
For baby wants you quick, quick, quick!
I'll scatter crumbs from off my bread,
Come, little chick, come and be fed!
Now let me hold you on my hand;
On tiny yellow legs you stand.
One softest squeeze I'll give you, then
I'll take you back to Mother Hen.

"Cluck, cluck!" I hear her anxious call
For you, her little feathery ball;
But I'll not hurt you, morsel sweet!
I feel your wee heart beat, beat, beat!
Oh! baby loves you, loves you so,—
Each fluffy feather, each droll toe,
Your bright black eyes, so deep, deep, deep,
Your sweet, shrill cry of "peep, peep, peep!"

WHO BROKE THE EGGS?

O JACK! I think it's the meanest thing!
What do you think has happened to-day?
Someone has broken my beautiful eggs,
And stolen my dear little hen away!
Won't you come down from the hayloft, Jack?
What are you laughing about up there?
If anyone ever had stolen your hen,
I wouldn't act as if I didn't care!

I wish I knew who had done such a thing
As to break my eggs! Did you say you knew?
Then, Jack, you're just the awfullest boy
If you don't tell me! Ah! who, Jack, who?

You say you saw them breaking my eggs?
To think you would stay there and let them do it.
Well, one thing certain, I'll tell papa,
And the guilty people shall surely rue it!

I'm going to fix such a nice new nest,
And Grayling will lay some more eggs in it.
Won't you come down, just a moment, please,
And show me a little how to begin it?
Hark! who's that saying a "cluck-cluck-cluck!"
As sober old Grayling comes out to sight?
And what does dear Pussie so speedily see
That is making her small hands clap in delight?

Lo, there are the "guilty people" at last!
Who broke the eggs and rifled the nest?
Only a dozen little wee chicks,
Yellow and white on wings and on breast.
Break the eggs? Why shouldn't they, pray,
When their bills and bodies grew strong and stout.
So Pussie thinks as she feeds each pet,
I'm so glad that the thieves came out!

WHEN MOTHER IS AWAY.

EVA EARLL FURLONG.

WHEN mother is away the day seems very long,
The dollies do not care to play, and will not mind a thing I say;
The bubbles will not blow, nor the toys wind up to go;
But everything seems out of sorts when mother is away.

When mother is away cook makes me tarts so nice and light,
But I can't swallow them, because my throat seems shut up tight.
And when she speaks, I answer very loud and clear,
For my own voice seems small and queer when mother is away.

But when I hear my mother come, the house begins to shine.
I just fly down those stairs, I tell you, in no time.
She takes me in her arms and says, "My little girlie all alone?"
And I just jump and shout and dance, because mother's home.

LITTLE MISCHIEF.

SISTER M. STELLA.

HOW d'ye do, big folks? I've come to say
What I've been doing all the long day.
Mamma went out and left me here
To be good and play like a little dear.
But I ask you all, did you ever know
Any little girl to be left just so
That was good and played like a little dear?
For I can tell you she doesn't live here!
To be sure, I was pretty good for a while;
I guess mamma must have gone half a mile
Before I got tired, and looked around
To see if some new play couldn't be found.
I climbed on a chair and looked in the glass,
And saw there a pretty, blue-eyed little lass;
So I tried on mamma's new hat and shawl
And a pair of gold bracelets, took her parasol
And was walking about, when I hit my toe
And fell on the floor. And then—do you know?—
One of the bracelets gave a crack
And broke in two—and mamma's new hat
Was mashed as flat as a buckwheat cake!
And what did that old shawl do but take
And tear in the middle—while the parasol
Just snapped in two! And that wasn't all,
For just as I fell, the bureau cover
Was right in my hand, and it came over.

Scent-bottles, brushes, combs and mug,
Went down in a heap on the brand new rug.
And I know mamma'll find when she comes home,
All the room smelling of her cologne.
I was too little to clear it away,
So I went down, then, in the hall to play;
And dolly's head—which is hard, you know,—
Right through the glass door did somehow go;
I really couldn't say how it was done,
But it broke the glass, and spoiled all my fun.
Then I was hungry and went downstairs
For some bread and butter and some stewed pears;
But Jane was too busy to wait on me,
So I went to the pantry in order to see
What I could find that was good to eat.
Nobody was there—so I had a treat!
Preserves, and cakes, and two kinds of pie,
Sugar, and biscuit, and jelly had I.
I ate till I could not eat any more,
And only broke one plate on the floor.
I was just as sticky as I could be—
So I went to the bath-room to wash, you see,
And somehow the spigot got twisted so
It wouldn't stop running; and so, you know,
The floor was all in a horrid slop
Till Jane came up and made it stop.
Then she scrubbed me till I was as red as a rose,
And brushed my hair, and changed my clothes,
And told me mamma would "see to me"
When she came home! And that will be
In a little while. And I think—don't you?—
There is plenty to see to! What would you do?
I'm afraid to stir, for there'll something break
If I move a finger, or even shake
My curly head so! So I guess I'll sit
Right here till mamma comes, and not move a bit.

HOW MAUD KEPT WATCH.

WHY, Rover, I'm surprised at you,
I've got too many things to do
To waste my time in play! So, now,
You needn't come with bow-wow-wow,
To tempt me! It is time, you see,
For papa to come home to tea;
And I must warm his slippers and
His dressing-gown, you understand!

You cannot help me—ha, ha, ha!
What vain old things some doggies are!
You'd go to sleep before the fire;
You do not know what folks require
When they come home, all tired, at night.
I'm papa's girl. I know what's right—
I'll keep a bright lookout, you'll see,
Till my papa comes home to me.

For it would hurt his feelings so,
If no one watched for him, you know.
I wouldn't trust you, Mr. Rover,
To watch for him. You just go over
And lie down there, till I am through.
O dear! I've got so much to do!
For mamma said she'd trust to me
To welcome papa home to tea.

There, now, we'll rest in papa's chair!
For there is half an hour to spare
Before he comes. O, Rover, dear,
Isn't it nice and warm in here?
Do you feel sleepy? Well, I knew
There'd be no sense in trusting you!
I wish my papa—mamma said—
Down dropped the curly, nodding head,

And over eyes so soft and blue
Down dropped the golden lashes, too;
While very quiet grew the room,
Fast filling with the twilight's gloom.
And thus the minutes hastened past,
Till—someone's step was heard at last;
But it was Rover—don't you see?—
Who welcomed papa home to tea!

SO VERY QUEER.

ZITELLA COCKE.

I THINK it is so very queer
That when we little children here
Are fast asleep—each curly head
Tucked snugly in his downy bed—
Some children living far away
Are up and out-of-doors at play.
And then, my teacher says the sun,
When all his shining here is done,
Goes down to China and Japan
To shine as brightly as he can.
So when I lie down to my rest
The little Japs are being dressed,
And when at morn my prayers are said
The Chinese girls are going to bed.
But oh, it seems to me so queer,
They do not do as we do here!

LITTLE GIRL'S REQUEST.

DEAR rain, without your help, I know,
The trees and flowers could not grow;
My roses all would fade and die,
If you stayed up behind the sky.

But lonely little girls like me,
Don't like to stay indoors, you see,
All through the long and lonesome day,—
I'm tired of books, I'm tired of play.

I'm tired of listening to the sound
Of pattering drops upon the ground,
And watching through the misty pane,
The clouded skies, O dreary rain!

And so I wish you'd tell me why,
Just to please me, you couldn't try
To let the bright sun shine all day,
And in the night, when he's away,

And all the world is dark and still,
And I'm asleep—*then*, if you will,
Come down and make my flowers grow,
Dear rain, and I will love you so.

MISS EDITH COMFORTS BROTHER JACK.

BRET HARTE.

CRYING! Of course, I am crying,
And I guess you'd be crying, too,
If people were telling such stories
As they are about me, about you.
O yes, you can laugh if you want to,
And smoke as you didn't care how,
And get your brains softened like uncle's—
Dr. Jones says you're getting it now.

Why don't you say stop to Miss Ilsey?
She cries twice as much as I do—
And she's older, and cries just from meanness,
For a ribbon or anything new.

Ma says it's her sensitive nature—
O my! No, I shan't stop my talk!
And I don't want any apples or candy,
And I don't want to go take a walk!
I know why you're mad! Yes, I do now!
You think that Miss Ilsey likes you,
And I've heard her repeatedly call you
The bold-facest boy that she knew;
And she'd like to know where you learnt manners,
O yes! Kick the table—that's right!
Spill the ink on my dress, and then go round
Telling ma that I look like a fright!
What stories! Pretend you don't know that
They're saying I broke off the match
'Twixt old Money-grubber and Mary,
By saying she called him cross-patch!
When the only allusion I made him
About sister Mary was—she
Cared more for his cash than his temper,
And you know, Jack, you said that to me!
And it's true! But it's me, and I'm scolded,
And pa says if I keep on I might
By-and-by get my name in the papers!
Who cares? Why, 'twas only last night
I was reading how pa and the sheriff
Were selling some lots, and it's plain
If it's awful to be in the papers,
Why papa would go and complain.
You think it ain't true about Ilsey?
Well, I guess I know girls—and I say
There's nothing I see about Ilsey
To show she likes you, anyway!
I know what it means when a girl who
Has called her cat after a boy,
Goes and changes its name to another's
And she's done it—and I wish you joy!

OH, I'M MY GRANDPA'S GIRL.

H. U. JOHNSON.

WHEN in my crib I'm sleeping,
There is a watchful eye
Forever at me peeping
For fear I wake and cry—
Oh, I'm my grandpa's girl!

Then when I come from napping
In babyland of dreams,
My little hands a-clapping
To him sweet music seems—
Oh, I'm my grandpa's girl!

If I get mad and fighty,
And squirm, and scream, and cry,
He calls me "Highty-tity,"
A twinkle in his eye—
Oh, I'm my grandpa's girl!

When feet I set a-going,
And toes come pattering down,
He cries, "Oh, my, 'tis snowing,"
And shakes my little gown.
Oh, I'm my grandpa's girl!

My laugh and baby-talking
He says he understands,
And that I'll soon be walking,
A-holding to his hands—
Oh, I'm my grandpa's girl!

And when I'm grown some older,
Just this will be his way,
He'll take me on his shoulder
And dance my "humpty-dey"—
Oh, I'm my grandpa's girl.

JACK FROST'S LITTLE SISTER.

CARRIE W. BRONSON.

THIS morning, when all of the rest had gone down,
I stood by the window to see
The beautiful pictures, which there in the night,
Jack Frost had been making for me.

There were mountains, and windmills, and bridges, and boats;
Some queer-looking houses and trees;
A hammock that hung by itself in the air,
And a giant cut off at the knees.

Then there was a steeple so crooked and high,
I was thinking it surely must fall,
When right down below it I happened to spy
The loveliest thing of them all—

The cutest and cunningest dear little girl!
I looked at her hard as I could,
And she stood there as dainty—and looked back at me,
In a little white ulster and hood.

"Good-morning!" I whispered, for all in a flash
I knew 'twas Jack Frost's little sister.
I was so glad to have her come visiting me
I reached up quite softly and kissed her.

Then—can you believe it?—the darling was gone!
Kissed dead in that one little minute.
I never once dreamed that a kiss would do that.
How could there be any harm in it?

But I am so sorry! For though I have looked
Fifty times at that window since then,
Half hoping to see her once more, yet I know
She never can come back again.

And—it may be foolish—but all through the day
I have felt—and I knew that I should—
Just as if I had killed her, that dear baby girl,
In the little white ulster and hood.

PAPA'S CALENDAR.

ABBIE FARWELL BROWN.

THIS is my Sunday head of hair,
All whirly, twirly curls,
A bow of ribbon tied with care,
Like all the other girls.

And this is how on week-a-days
I start to go to school,
My pigtails plaited evenly,
The parting drawn by rule.

But spite of all that I can do,
Upon a Saturday,
This is the way my hair will look,
When I come in from play.

I am my papa's calendar:
He often will declare
That he can tell what day it is
By looking at my hair.

THREE KISSES.

I've got three kisses sweet to give;
There's one for mother, kind and true,
And one for father, while I live,
And all the *rest* I give to you!

[*Kisses hand to audience and exits.*]

GETTING READY FOR SCHOOL.

JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS.

I WENT to the dentist's along with Aunt Ruth,
And he opened my mouth very wide;
And he put in his pincers and pulled out a tooth,
It didn't hurt much, but I cried—
I was so scared!

Then Aunt Ruth took me down to a beautiful place
Where I sat in a big leather chair;
And a man squirted bottles and tickled my face
While he cut off my horrid old hair—
Just like a boy's!

Then I tried on some shoes for a very nice man,
And stamped them, and wiggled my toes;
And Aunty said, "Give me as stout as you can;
This little girl's hard on her clothes"—
They had seven buttons!

Then I and Aunt Ruth bought a whole lot of things—
A hat with no trimming to squash;
Some aprons to make without ruffles or strings
So Jane needn't growl at the wash—
Blue check doesn't show dirt!

My legs were so tired I wanted to scream,
But I sat on a very high stool
With a big glass of soda chockful of ice-cream
And *then* I was ready for school—
I go every day now, and I'm in the First
Reader!

KATIE'S CARES.

OF course, I can't go sliding
Out on the ice, to-day!
I've got so many children
I haven't time to play.

My Evangeline's all broken—
She's just as thin as thin;
The sawdust's all run out of her,
And I can't put it in.

There's going to be a party,
And if my Tommy goes,
I've got to work like everything
To make him some new clothes.

And then Augustus Frederick,
He broke his neck last week;
He's just as pale as he can be,
And doesn't ever speak.

And Susan's got the measles;
Cordelia's bumped her head;
And Ethelind was naughty,
And had to go to bed.

And to-morrow is my baking-day,
And Bridget's gone away.
Don't you see I can't go sliding,
For I haven't time to play?

YOUNG SCHOOL REFORMER.

LOU BOYCE HAYDEN.

I'M mad, I am! You needn't scowl!
I've been in school all day;
If someone does not sympathize
I think I'll run away.

I'm always getting into scrapes
That someone else has planned,
Why other girls are never caught
I just can't understand.

I don't believe the earth is round,
Or 'twouldn't seem so flat;
How can it turn two ways at once?
Don't take no stock in that!

I like the sums in 'rithmetic,
But hist'ry's precious dry;
The only part I like at all
They say is all a lie.

If Pocahontas was a fake,
Who saved John Smith his head?
I think it's mean to tell such lies
'Bout folks when they are dead.

Now what's the use of having words,
All sounding just the same,
Then spell them two, three dif'rent ways
Just like a puzzle game?

Sometimes I think I nevermore
Those horrid books will touch,—
I am sure it is all nonsense
For girls to know so much.

But if I ever get grown up,
I'll be a teacher too,
And I shall make the books myself
The first thing that I do.

The lessons all will be so short,
They'll learn them quite by heart;
I'm sure I'll pet the stupid ones
And snub the ones too smart.

I'll try and be good-natured, too,
And smiling ev'ry day;
I'll tell them not to work too hard,
And send them out to play.

And if I see them whispering,
I'll shut my eyes at once,
And I shall always give the prize
To the very dullest dunce.

I'll let them have a long recess,
And never make a rule,—
Now, don't you think the children then
Will love to go to school?

"NOTHING TO WEAR."

ELLEN MANLY.

I'M dreadfully sorry, Helena,
You're real disappointed, I know,
But you've nothing to wear to the party,
And so you can't possibly go!

There's a terrible tear in your challis,
And your lawn is a perfect disgrace—
The kitten has pulled off the ribbons,
And clawed up its beautiful lace.

The buckles are gone from your slippers,
Your sash is all faded and old,
And since grandmamma sat on your bonnet
It's simply a sight to behold.

But you mustn't feel badly, my darling,
You shall have such a nice time instead;
I'll play you are ill with the measles,
And put you directly to bed.

And while I am telling you stories
I'll make you a lovely new dress,
And Tommy'll be charmed to be doctor,
He'll put on some plasters, I guess.

And give you some sweet little powders,
The kind that are certain to cure,
And none of the dolls at the party
Will have such a good time, I'm sure.

ONLY SLEEPING DOGS MAY LIE.

J. L. ARMOR.

THEY say that sleeping dogs may lie;
But little girls may not,
For when I tell the littlest fib
They scold an awful lot.

Sometimes I wish I was a dog
So's I could lie a lot;
For when I've taken mother's cake
I'd rather sleep than not.

Then when she'd say, "Now, Clementine,
Did you do so and so?"
I'd close my eyes and snooze a bit
And growl out, "No; oh, no!"

LITTLE SINNER REPENTS.

[Room interior, chairs, couch, etc., to R. of screen placed across stage L. of center so that girl is seen by audience at all times. At rise of curtain girl is discovered talking to mother, who holds her by arm and is taking her to closet (behind screen).]

I WISH you would just let me be!
No, I'm not at all sick, and I didn't get hurt;
And I do not see why you are calling me "pert."
It was *you* spoke to *me!*

Oh, yes! I suppose I must go—
You're a great big tall lady, and I'm very small,
And I couldn't put you in the closet at all;
But there's one thing I know—
If I had a dear little girl,
I'd not make a fuss when she just tore her dress,
Or called old rice pudding a horrible mess,
Or her hair wouldn't curl!

Now, you needn't look so any more—
I am almost to the closet, and I don't care a bit,
But I hope I'll be all wriggled up in a fit
When you open the door!

[*One fold of screen is moved one side and girl acts as if put behind it. Stands near door sulking. After supposed interval of ten minutes.*]

Mamma! will you open it now?
I'm a little bit sorry—please let me come out!
I almost forgot what I was naughty about,
But I won't, *any*how!

[*Waits a minute then sits on floor on knees. After supposed interval of twenty minutes.*]

I'm ever so sorry—I know I was bad;
I'll forgive that old pudding for making me mad;
I'll be good, mamma dear!
Mamma, may I just have my dolly?
I'm so lonesome in here—oh, mamma, won't you,
please?
I'm sitting right down by the door, on my knees—
I'm your own little Polly!

[*Door opens. Girl gets up and runs out.*]

Oh, my most precious, best little mother!
I will never be naughty, no, never again!
My heart was all broken—it gave me a pain—
And I thought I should smother!

[CURTAIN.]

LITTLE GIPSY GIRL.

[Gipsy costume. After every stanza there should be singing behind scenes, while reciter gives gipsy dance or drill. Reciter runs on stage shaking tambourine.]

I AM a little gispy girl,
[Point to self on "I."]
My home is everywhere.
[Extend arms out at side, face and voice expressing "I am free as a bird."]
I wander in the shady lane,
[Body shows life and energy. Point off at side on "lane."]
And never know a care.
[Shake head joyfully, hands at side.]
They tell me it is wrong to idle life away,
[Bring body forward, point to self on "me," face expressing, "What do you think?"]
But what care I for what they say?
[Give body little flirt as if saying, "I don't care for what they say or think."]

[*Dance.*]

The little birds are singing sweet,
[Step forward and tell audience as sweetly as possible about the birds.]
Wherever I may go;
[Give as if saying, "And they are singing for me."]
They ever sing alone to me;
[Give as if saying, "Ah! I can understand their every sound."]
No sorrow do I know.
[Give as if saying, "I am always happy when with nature."]
I make my bed at night wherever I may be.
[(a) Give this as if saying, "When do you suppose I sleep?" (b) "Anywhere?"]
And always I'm so glad and free.
[Cheerful manner, happy voice, arms out at side.]

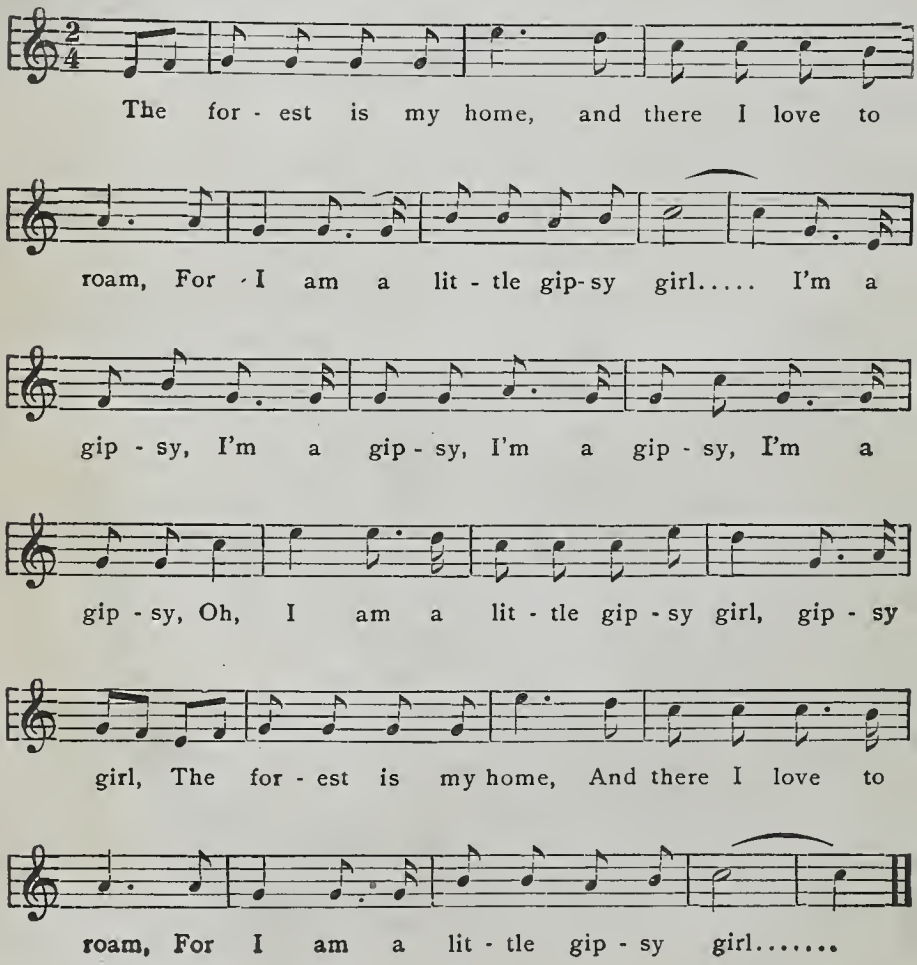
[*Dance.*]

The birds in Spring-time build their nests,
[Point oblique front for "birds," cup right hand in left hand, showing how they build "nests," voice expressing "Ah! the birds and I are so happy—nature is beautiful."]
The little flowers grow:
[Point down oblique front on "flowers;" voice expressing "They are so pretty."]

I watch them all the sunny day;
[Given with great joy.]
And all their secrets know.
[Hold head as if listening, then nod.]
They nod whenever I may chance to pass along;
They're glad to hear my merry song.
[Given as if telling a story you enjoy very much.]

[*Dance.*]

[*Following is to be sung behind scenes, while speaker gives gipsy dance after every stanza.*]



PART III.
ENTERTAINMENTS

DOLL SALE AND PARTY.

CHARACTERS: 12 dolls; 12 customers; SHOPKEEPER. Dolls are represented by 12 little girls from three to four years of age, customers by girls of about ten years, and SHOPKEEPER by girl of twelve or fourteen.

COSTUMES: *Shopkeeper,* white jacket and skirt, black skull-cap, and spectacles. *Customers*: *Scene I.,* any short, pretty gowns suitable for street, hats and capes or jackets. *Scene II.,* white house gowns. *Dolls*: each is dressed to represent some nation, including negro, Eskimo, Japanese, German, Indian, Turk, Spaniard, Norwegian, Burman, American, Russian and Holland Dutch. Costumes should be bright and attractive and may be copied from pictures of various nations. Japanese, Spanish, Turkish and Burman dolls should have dresses that touch floor, others should have short ones.

SCENE I.—THE SALE.

STAGE: *Toy-Shop.* Have long, low counter (which can be made of boards put across boxes and draped along front with dark cloth or shawls), various toys hung about, and at back behind counter long bench on which are standing twelve dolls. Above counter have strip of white cloth on which is painted:

DOLLS FOR SALE. FINEST COLLECTION IN THE UNITED STATES. SPECIAL PRICES.

Curtain rising, reveals dolls in line and SHOPKEEPER standing behind counter.

SHOPKEEPER. Well, I wonder how business will be today? I've just got in a nice line of goods, especially in dolls, and I hope I'll have some quick sales. Hello, here comes a customer now. [*Enter little girl.*] What can I show you, madam?

1ST CUS. I want to buy a Japanese dolly. Have you any nice ones?

SHOP. Yes, indeed! Just see here. [*Picks up Japanese doll and stands her on counter.*] You couldn't ask anything nicer than this. She can walk, too. [*Winds her up in back by turning an egg-beater and she starts to walk, going length of counter and back.*] Now let me sell you this fine doll.

1ST CUS. What is the price?

SHOP. Only $150, madam, and very cheap.

1ST CUS. Well, I don't know as I ought to pay so much, but I'll take her. [*Pays for doll with money cut out of brown paper.*]

SHOP. Shall I wrap her up for you?

1ST CUS. Oh, no, you needn't mind. I'll just carry her as she is. Good morning, sir. [*Picks up doll and walks out, just as two more customers enter.*]

2ND CUS. Oh, just see these lovely dolls, aren't they beautiful?

3RD CUS. Yes, indeed! The finest lot I've ever seen. Really, I must have one.

SHOP. Well, ladies, I shall be very glad to sell you each one of these elegant dolls. What can I show you?

2ND CUS. I'd like to look at that dear little Eskimo in white, please.

3RD CUS. Well, I want to see that sweet little Russian doll.

SHOP. Very well, ladies. [*Places Eskimo and Russian dolls on counter, winds them up and they begin to walk.*]

2ND CUS. Oh, isn't that cunning? I must have the Eskimo —how much is it?

SHOP. Well, it's hard to get these Eskimo dolls; they come from so far north. I can let you have that, madam, for $200.

3RD CUS. How much is this one [*pointing to Russian*]?

SHOP. That, madam, is only $175—very cheap. I hope I can sell it to you.

2ND CUS [*after whispering to* 3RD CUSTOMER *for a moment*]. Well, we will take these two, please. [*They pay for them, take them in their arms and leave stage.*]

SHOP. This is fine. If business only continues I'll sell them all

off to-day. They're a splendid lot of dolls anyway. Hello, here comes some one. [*Enter* 4TH CUSTOMER.] Good morning, madam, what can I show you to-day?

4TH CUS. I wanted to look at your dolls. Oh, what lovely ones you have.

SHOP. Yes, ma'am, just got in a new lot.

4TH CUS. Let me see that Turkish one, please.

SHOP. Certainly. [*Puts her on counter, winds her up and she begins to walk. Enter* 5TH, 6TH, 7TH *and* 8TH CUSTOMERS.]

5TH CUS. Why, just see these elegant dolls. They can walk, too. Aren't they just too cunning for anything?

SHOP. Yes, madam, they are the finest lot of dolls ever brought to this country. May I sell you one?

5TH CUS. Let me see that little negro, will you?

6TH CUS. I want to look at that dear little Indian.

7TH CUS. Well, I like that quaint little Dutch doll.

8TH CUS. I fancy that cunning little Burman from India.

4TH CUS. How much did you say this Turkish doll is?

SHOP. Only $150, madam, and extremely cheap.

4TH CUS. Well, I'll take her. [*Pays, picks up Turkish doll and walks out.* SHOPKEEPER *puts negro, Indian, Dutch and Burman dolls on counter, winds them up and they walk twice around counter in single file.*]

6TH CUS. Oh, they are just wonderful. I must have one this very day.

7TH CUS. So must I. How did we ever get along without them?

8TH CUS. How much are they?

SHOP. Well, if you'll take these four, I'll let you have them for $150 apiece.

5TH, 6TH, 7TH AND 8TH CUS. [*together*]. Oh, we must have them surely. [*They pay, each takes doll and they go out.*]

SHOP. This is splendid! Only four left. I hope I can sell them

to-day, too. I'll soon get rich at this rate. Ah, here come some more customers. [*Enter* 9TH CUSTOMER.] Good morning, madam.

9TH CUS. I heard you have some very nice dolls, and I came in to look at them.

SHOP. I have only four left, ma'am. They are going very fast. Which one do you think you'd like?

9TH CUS. Let me see that one from Norway, please.

SHOP. Certainly. A very fine doll. [*Puts it on counter, winds it up, and Norwegian doll walks back and forth. Enter* 10TH, 11TH *and* 12TH CUSTOMERS.]

10TH CUS. Oh, dear, I do hope you haven't sold all of those elegant dolls. We just heard about them. Are there any left?

SHOP. Only four, lady. This one from Norway [*pointing to one on counter*]; this one from Germany [*puts it on counter*]; a stylish Spanish lady, and this American beauty. [*Puts them also on counter, then winds them up and the four promenade.*]

10TH CUS. Oh, what beauties. They're the sweetest things I ever saw. I want the German one.

12TH CUS. Well, I like this Spanish Senorita. She is perfectly charming.

11TH CUS. I'm going to have the American dolly. She is the best of all.

9TH CUS. The fair doll from Norway is mine.

12TH CUS. How much are they? Now make them cheap or we can't afford to buy.

SHOP. Well, ladies, seeing they're the last ones, I'll make you the four at only $130 apiece, which is remarkably cheap for such elegant dolls.

11TH CUS. Yes, indeed, I think so. Well, I guess we'll take them. [*They pay, take their dolls and leave stage.*]

SHOP. This is the best day's work I've ever done. Guess I'll have to go and put all this money into the bank right away. [*Takes money and leaves stage, just as curtain falls. Have music of some kind between scenes.*]

SCENE II.—THE PARTY.

STAGE: *Interior of room*—Pretty lamp, placed on table at center back of stage. Twelve girls, who appeared in Scene I., are seated in semicircle about center-stage, each in small sized rocking-chair, holding doll straight up on her lap.

1ST CUS. We have heard of the wonderful dolls of fairyland, but we are sure, quite sure, no little mothers ever before had so marvelous a collection of dolls as ours! Such hair, such eyes, such remarkable size, and so very smart—'tis no wonder we are proud of them. I wish to introduce my dear, little, bright-eyed Yakama Homa of Japan. [*Winds doll up, sets her down on floor, and little Miss Japan walks in slow, stately manner to front of stage, bows and returns to her mamma.*]

2ND CUS. Allow me to present my little Nawadawa from the cold land of the Eskimos. [*Each mother in turn, as she introduces doll, takes egg-beater and winds doll up, then doll walks to front of stage, bows and returns to place on mother's lap.*]

3RD CUS. And this is my dear Sophroniska from far-away Russia.

4TH CUS. Let me introduce Alimaha, a modest maiden from Turkey

5TH CUS. Next comes little Chloe Topsiana, a merry little darkey direct from Africa.

6TH CUS. This is Minnehaha, Laughing Water, fairest of the Indian dollies.

7TH CUS. Next comes Wilhelmina, the quiet little Holland treasure.

8TH CUS. And I will introduce shy little Eweeio, who came from far-distant India.

9TH CUS. I'm sure you'll be glad to know my Olga Gerda, from the land of the midnight sun.

10TH CUS. This is sunny, busy little Gretchen from the land of Germany.

11TH CUS. And my dolly is from the best land in the whole world, Uncle Sam's home of the free. She is a true American beauty.

12TH CUS. And last, but not least, comes Senorita Juanita, a charming young lady from sunny Spain.

1ST CUS. There is a game called "Skip Around the Ring" that dollies are fond of playing. Why not let our pets enjoy it?

2ND CUS. Sure enough. Let's start it at once.

[*They pass egg-beater around circle; each mother winds up her doll, and dolls, starting from right of stage, skip quickly twice around center of stage in circle, then return to places. While dolls are skipping, each mother takes her place behind chair in which she sat. When dolls come back each one climbs up in her chair.*]

3RD CUS. Now our dollies are tired and we must hush them quickly to By-Low land.

[*Each mother gently sways chair in which her doll rests, while they sing softly to piano or violin accompaniment.*]

SLUMBER SONG.

Tune: "Light after Darkness," in "Gospel Hymns."

Over thy drowsy eyes,
Tired eyelids creep,
Now in the By-Low land
Rest thee, and sleep;

[*Dolls slide down in chairs, tip heads to one side and go to sleep.*]

Angels are hovering near,
Mothers watch nigh;
Rest thee and sweetly sleep,
By baby by.

[*Very softly.*]

Hushed is thy laughter gay,
Tired eyelids close,
Now in the land of dreams
Take thy repose;

Angels are hovering near,
Mothers watch nigh;
Rest thee and sweetly sleep,
By baby by.

[*Each mother stands with right hand on her chair, left hand raised as if asking blessing for sleeping child, eyes turned upward. Very soft, sweet music is played and colored light is thrown on scene.*]

[CURTAIN.]

LOST PENKNIFE.

STANLEY SCHELL.

CHARACTERS: JENNIE, ALICE, CLARA, JULIA.

COSTUMES: School clothes.

SCENE: Class-room, desks, chairs, etc., facing R. Teacher on platform at R.; underneath desk trash-basket. At desk near L. is JENNIE rummaging hastily through her desk. She looks on top and within but does not find what she is looking for. Other girls are scattered about room seated at different desks apparently studying.

JENNIE. Oh, girls, what do you think, that beautiful pearl-handled knife of mine is gone! I can't find it anywhere!

GIRLS. Can't find it anywhere? Why, that's too bad. When did you lose it?

JENNIE. Oh, I didn't lose it, I'm sure of that, for I put it on top of my desk about ten minutes ago when Lucy Miller was here talking. She picked it up while I was busy and said, "What a pretty knife; I've always longed to have a knife like that." I thought she put it down, but she certainly didn't, for it's not here.

ALICE. Did you look carefully everywhere? You know, Jennie, you are so careless about everything of yours, and it is so difficult to find things you have put away. It may still be in your desk.

JENNIE. Oh, no, I know it's not there. It's not anywhere. I'm sure Lucy Miller stole it.

CLARA. Oh, Jennie, you ought to be careful of what you say. Lucy Miller is one of the nicest girls in our class, and I don't think you ought to accuse her without being perfectly sure. I'm sure she's honest if she is poor—do look again, dear.

JENNIE. Oh, I won't! I'm tired of looking. I just know she took it. And I'm going to tell every one about it.

JULIA. At least wait until to-morrow before you do. You may yet find it. Have you looked in the trash-basket?

JENNIE. Looked in the trash-basket? Indeed, I haven't; and why should I?

JULIA. Because I saw you carry a lot of trash there a few moments ago, and it may be there.

JENNIE. Well, I don't believe it, and I shan't look. If you're so anxious to prove Lucy Miller innocent, why, look yourself.

JULIA. Well, I will look; I believe in being square at least.

ALL. And we, too, will help her. The knife may be there.

[*They all go to basket and turn it upside down upon floor. About middle of trash knife is found by* JULIA.]

JULIA. There it is, Jennie. What did I say? Wouldn't it have been awful if you had gone about accusing Lucy wrongfully? Well, it has taught me a lesson. [*Hands* JENNIE *knife.*] I'll be very careful whom I accuse when anything of mine is missing. I'd rather lose a thousand things than to be guilty of so cruel a thing. I hope, Jennie, you're sorry.

JENNIE. I am, girls; and I shan't forget this lesson in a hurry. I'm so glad Lucy doesn't know what I said, and I'm sure you'll not tell her. It's a lesson for me, and I'll profit by it.

EASTER TABLEAUX.

STANLEY SCHELL.

NOTE.—This style of entertainment may be reproduced in various ways. If a "Lily Drill and Tableaux" is desired, substitute lilies of any kind, and march and countermarch to spell "Lilies." If "Blossom Day" or "June Sunday" is to be celebrated, use roses in parade and tableaux, and the day celebrated may be spelled in marching, etc. "Our National Flower" may be spelled in the entertainment, each girl carrying "Golden Rod."

CHARACTERS: Twelve girls.

COSTUMES Pure white dresses; soft white sandals. Each girl carries bunch of light green cheese-cloth, having two or three Easter lilies at each end (lilies may be real or artificial).

MUSIC: Soft, graceful, in waltz time.

STAGE: Decorate in soft green cheese-cloth and Easter lilies.

DIRECTIONS: All stand in line outside left entrance to stage. Signals are given on piano. Steps should be gliding, graceful, easy. To "pose" means that girls at front part of letters kneel and bend as low as possible; girls immediately behind a little higher, and so on, graduating in height until back girls are

standing erect. Cheese-cloth with lilies are all joined forming desired letter. Each letter formed slants from front up. Letters are formed above heads of girls.

MUSIC begins. Girls glide easily to back-center, holding cheese-cloth and lilies in left hand, at side. Halt at back-center a moment, then glide (in shape of capital letter E) to positions, forming capital letter E. Pose. Hold.

Signal. All stand erect, cheese-cloth in left hand. Glide around stage left to back-center. Halt a moment. Move forward in single lines, in opposite directions, diagonally, to form capital letter A, last three girls stepping between to form center line of capital A. Pose. Hold.

Signal. All stand erect, cheese-cloth in left hand. Left line faces audience. Right and center lines face back of stage. Left line marches around by left side to back-center followed by right line and then center line. Halt. Glide (in shape of capital letter S) to positions, forming capital letter S. Pose. Hold.

Signal. All stand erect, cheese-cloth in right hand. Glide around right side of stage to back-center. Five girls glide up stage-center, forming stage-center line. Then three more girls glide to right, and three more girls glide to left, making one line across back of stage, and leaving space behind last girl of stage-center line. Into this space steps remaining girl, all forming capital letter T. Pose. Hold.

Signal. All stand erect, cheese-cloth in left hand. Center line glides around left side to back-center, followed by three girls from left side, then three girls from right, and lastly center girl. Halt a moment. All glide (in shape of capital E) to positions, forming letter E. Pose. Hold.

Signal. All stand erect, cheese-cloth in right hand. Glide around right side of stage to back-center. Halt a moment. Four girls glide up stage-center. Halt. This line moves one foot to right. Four girls form oblique line just in front of third center girl and ending in direction of left side of stage. Remaining girls form curve of upper part of capital letter R. Form capital letter R. Pose. Hold.

Signal. All stand erect, cheese-cloth in left hand. Glide out by right side of stage.

NOTE.—To add to effectiveness of this drill have letters forming "Easter" cut out of cardboard and covered with gilt paper, and fastened above and behind curtain in such a way that, at signal, they can be let down in sight of audience. As tableau E is given, cardboard letter is shown. After each tableau a new letter appears, until whole word "Easter" is formed. Large gilt star may be fastened in position between letters S and T. This star is to be dropped last, as girls are leaving stage, and should hang above word "Easter"

OLD-FASHIONED GARDEN.

FLOWER PLAY.

STANLEY SCHELL.

CHARACTERS: Flowers and Showers (girls).

SCENE: Old-fashioned garden.

TIME: Hot June day.

COSTUMES: Flowers impersonate poppies, pansies, daisies, bachelor-buttons, hollyhocks, pinks, mignonette, roses, etc. Showers are dressed in gray and carry watering-pots tied with bright ribbons, or trimmed with leaves.

RISE OF CURTAIN: Flowers are seen in various groupings about garden. The aim is to make pretty picture as Flowers revive after being sprinkled by Showers. Flowers look drooping as if parched from heat.

POPPIES.

HERE in our place in the big flower-beds
We poppies drowsily droop our heads.
[*All heads droop lower.*]

PANSIES AND DAISIES.

We little Pansies and Daisies fair
Have to hide our eyes from the sun's fierce glare.
[*Hide eyes with arms.*]

BACHELOR-BUTTONS AND HOLLYHOCKS.

We Bachelor-Buttons and Hollyhocks gay
Just sleepily, sleepily nod away.

[*Heads nod sleepily.*]

ALL FLOWERS [*very slowly*].

Sleepily, sleepily nod away
Out in the garden this hot June day—
This hot June day.

[*Very slowly toward end, and very drowsily.*]

PINKS.

We pretty pinks, with spicy scent,
Must lower and lower keep proud heads bent.

[*Lower heads proudly.*]

MIGNONETTE.

Long for the winds that are cool and wet.
And I, the patient Mignonette,

[*Speaks with air of patience and resignation.*]

ROSES.

And my Roses, sound asleep they lie,
And dream of summer showers nigh.

[*Close eyes and act dreamily.*]

ALL FLOWERS [*rouse a moment, gaze toward sky, sigh, then while speaking slowly fall asleep.*]

Dreaming of summer showers nigh
Out in this garden this hot June day—
This hot June day.

[*Showers enter hastily and gaze around in surprise. They quickly lift watering-pots and trip in and out among Flowers, sprinkling them gently as they talk.*]

SHOWERS.

With soothing murmur down come the showers
To cool and comfort the thirsty flowers.

[*Flowers begin to straighten up slowly, and as Showers pass them a second time hold up hands in cup-form to catch more raindrops.*]

ALL FLOWERS.

We blossoms now lift our tiny cups,
And fill them with raindrops—up—up—up,
And feel them splash on every spray.
How the rain runs in rills down the old pathway
Out in our garden this wet June day—
This wet June day

[*Flowers are now all erect and smiling. As Showers trip off stage and disappear, Flowers nod gently, right and left, then backward and forward, and so on, in time to music. Curtain.*]

SANTA CLAUS AT SCHOOL.

CHARACTERS: SANTA CLAUS, TEACHER, SCHOLARS, DUNCE, CHRISTMAS ELVES.

SCENE: School-room decorated with evergreens. Large Christmas-tree in corner. DUNCE, wearing dunce-cap, on stool in center of room. TEACHER at desk. Reading-class standing before teacher's desk. Other pupils seated.

TEACHER [*rapping desk*]. Attention! Your toes are not all on the chalk-mark. Mary Brown, you must not stand on one foot. Sarah Jones, keep erect. Anna Smith, put your hands behind you. Now, Mary Wood, read the first stanza.

MARY [*in piping voice*].

"'Twas the night before Christmas, and all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse."

TEACHER. Hum-ha! Not quite right. You should pitch the tone lower. But your emphasis is good. Now, Alice Green, proceed.

ALICE [*lisping*].

"The stockingths were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopths that thaint Nicholath thoon would be there."

TEACHER. I wish, Alice that you might learn to pronounce more distinctly. However, I know you always try to do your best. Now, Jennie White.

JENNIE [*in rapid, sing-song tone*].

"The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads."

TEACHER. Oh, much too fast! Try the verse once more.

[JENNIE *repeats verse in slow, drawling voice.* DUNCE *laughs aloud.*]

TEACHER [*frowning over glasses*]. You should adopt a medium tone, neither too fast nor too slow. [*Points ruler at* DUNCE.] Katie Neverready, you may remain fifteen minutes after school. Susan Snow, it is your turn next.

SUSAN [*reads*].

"And mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled ourselves for a long winter's nap—"

TEACHER. Excellent, Susan! I am proud of you. Ella Tucker, you may go on.

ELLA [*in very loud tone*].

"When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,"

[DUNCE, *who has been gazing over top of book through window, raises hand and waves it frantically.* TEACHER *takes no notice of it.*]

ELLA.

"I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter."

[*As* ELLA *pronounces* "what" *loud knock is heard. Pupils start, and* TEACHER *springs to feet.*]

TEACHER. What noise was that?

DUNCE. If you please, ma'am, there is a queer old person knocking at the door.

TEACHER. Susie Smart, open the door.

[SUSIE *throws door open. Enter* SANTA CLAUS, *dressed in long fur coat and carrying staff upon which he leans as if very feeble. Fur cap almost covers face, and spectacles conceal eyes.*]

SANTA CLAUS [*in weak, tremulous voice*]. I have wandered from my way, ma'am, and am cold and weary. May I sit in the room a moment or two till I am rested?

TEACHER. Indeed, you may, and we will make you welcome. Susie, place a chair near the fire for our visitor.

[SANTA CLAUS *crosses room with feeble step and sits by fire. Looks about him.*]

SANTA CLAUS. This room has a Christmas look. I take it the school intends to keep Christmas this year.

TEACHER. Why, yes, we think there is no day like Christmas, and we are planning to celebrate it with songs and recitations, at close of which we shall distribute gifts to the poor.

SANTA CLAUS. A very good idea.

TEACHER. We were rehearsing a poem when you knocked, and, with your permission, we will resume the lesson.

SANTA CLAUS [*turning suddenly towards* JENNIE WHITE]. What is the name of the poem, and who is its author?

JENNIE. The poem is called "The Night Before Christmas," and it was written by Clement C. Moore.

SANTA CLAUS. Aha! I know that poem very well, I can repeat every word of it myself. [*Addresses* TEACHER.] I am so familiar with it that I am sure you will not be offended if I say, plainly, that I rather hear your pupils recite something else. Would you allow me to ask the school a few questions while I warm myself?

TEACHER [*in surprised tone*]. Why, certainly. Ask whatever questions you desire. [*Strikes bell. Reading-class march to seats.*]

SANTA CLAUS. Can any one tell me why we keep Christmas?

VERY SMALL GIRL [*rises and recites*].

"Long years ago, at Bethlehem,
One holy Christmas morn,
Beneath a stable's humble roof,
The Saviour, dear, was born.
Down from the skies, on plumy wings,
Bright angels floated then,
And sang this carol, 'Peace on earth,
Good will, good will to men.'"

SANTA CLAUS. Oh, that was a blessed, blessed day. Never forget the Christ-child in the manger, and why he came to earth. Never forget the meaning of the angels' song, "Peace on earth,

Good will to men." I should like to ask you, children, when the bells ring on Christmas morning, what they seem to say to you?

LARGER GIRL [*recites*].

"'Love one, love all,'
That's what the bells are ringing,
On Christmas morn
Within the belfry swinging;
'Love home, love friends,
Love all the bounteous earth,
And praise the Lord,
For the blest Christ-Child's birth.'
"'Love one, love all,'
That's what the bells are saying,
On Christmas morn,
Within the steeple swaying;
'Love birds, love beasts,
Love all the things of earth,
And praise the Lord
For the blest Christ-Child's birth.'"

SANTA CLAUS. I am pleased that you understand the language of the bells. Love is, indeed, the Christmas motto. If our hearts are full of love of Jesus we shall love all mankind, and birds and beasts, and flowers, and home and country. I hope you love your country, children.

[*Children all rise and sing one or more stanzas of "America," then seat themselves.*]

SANTA CLAUS. I am sure now that you do love your country. I trust that you love your homes also.

SMALL GIRL [*rises and recites*].

"Where is there so dear a place
As home, sweet home?
No other spot has such a charm,
Where e'er we roam;
Whether we live 'neath lowly roof
Or lordly dome
Forever lives within our hearts
The love of home."

SANTA CLAUS. That is well said. For my part, I love my own home dearly. That you love your friends I know; for your teacher has told me that you intend to surprise your poorer neighbors with gifts. It is a beautiful tree. [*Glances at Christmas-tree.*] Indeed, I think that the Christmas-tree ought to be called "king of the forest." Don't you agree with me?

LARGER GIRL [*rises and recites*].

"The Christmas-tree! The Christmas-tree!
Ah, that's the tree of all for me!
With candles bright, its boughs alight,
What other tree is such a sight?

"The Christmas-tree! The Christmas-tree!
Oh, that's the tree of all for me!
From top to root it bends with fruit
That sure the taste of all must suit.

"The Christmas-tree! The Christmas-tree!
So bright, so beautiful to see!
While joy-bells ring, we hail him king
Of woods and Christmas revelling!"

SANTA CLAUS. Hurrah for the Christmas-tree! In my garden I have nothing else growing. [TEACHER *and children regard him with surprise.*] But, children, there is one more question I would like to ask. If you spend all your money buying gifts for your poor friends, what will you, yourselves, do on Christmas Day?

DUNCE [*shouting loudly*]. Santa Claus will bring us some presents!

SANTA CLAUS. Eh! What's that?

ALL THE SCHOOL [*loudly*]. Santa Claus will bring us some presents!

SANTA CLAUS. Santa Claus? Santa Claus? Why, whom do you mean by Santa Claus?

DUNCE. I guess you've never been a child, if you don't know Santa Claus!

SANTA CLAUS. Why, I may have heard the name. Somehow it has a familiar sound. Please tell me something about the person.

[*Five children advance to center of stage.*]

FIRST CHILD.

"Old Santa Claus dwells far away,
Where six months long is every day;
Far, far up, by the cold North Pole,
Lives Santa Claus, that dear old soul."

SECOND CHILD.

"His palace is all built of snow,
Like diamonds the turrets glow;
From floor to ceiling, packed in ice,
Are books, and games, and all things nice."

THIRD CHILD.

"His food is seals and polar bears,
And fur of wolf and fox he wears;
Eight tiny reindeer draw his sleigh,
And swifter than the birds are they."

FOURTH CHILD.

"His beard is long, and snowy white,
With icicles it glitters bright;
His cheeks are redder than a rose,
And so's his jolly little nose."

FIFTH CHILD.

"To each bad child does Santa bring
Stout rods of birch that smart and sting;
[DUNCE *begins to cry.*]
But all good girls and all good boys,
He'll load with candy, cakes and toys."

SANTA CLAUS. Ha! ha! ha! A good description. Yes, yes, I know Santa Claus, myself, and have known him many a year. Why, bless me! he's one of my most intimate friends. He looks like this. [*Rises and throws off fur coat and tosses away cap and spectacles.*]

CHILDREN [*shouting excitedly*]. Why, you are Santa Claus, yourself!

SANTA CLAUS. Of course, I am. Who should I be but myself? [*Addresses* TEACHER.] I had heard, from my little friends the snow-birds, a good report of your school, and thought I would visit it in disguise and judge for myself. [*Addresses children.*] I find the snow-birds have told the truth. They said you were a good, kind, polite and studious set of children, and so you are, so you are. I never saw better children.

ALL [*except* DUNCE]. Oh, thank you, dear Santa Claus!

[SANTA CLAUS *claps hands. Enter* CHRISTMAS ELVES. *Six girls, dressed in white with trimmings of evergreen and holly berries, bring large bundle and place it at* SANTA CLAUS'S *feet. They join hands and dance about him in circle, singing, Air: "Lightly Row."*]

"Merrily, merrily,
Round, and round, and round go we,
In a ring, while we sing
Of the joys that spring

At the happy Christmas-tide,
When all hearts are opened wide,
Love must rule home and school,
During merry Yule!

"Merrily, merrily,
Round, and round, and round go we,
Blythe and gay, while we say,
'Hail loved Christmas Day!'
Day of deepest, sweetest joys,
Dearest day to girls and boys,
Love must rule home and school
During merry Yule!"

[*Affter song,* SANTA CLAUS *opens pack and* CHRISTMAS ELVES *distribute gifts to children.* DUNCE *weeps bitterly; his sobs finally attract* SANTA CLAUS'S *attention.*]

SANTA CLAUS. What makes you cry, my child?

DUNCE [*sobbing still more bitterly*]. Be-be-because I am a b-b-bad girl, and c-c-can't have anything but b-b-birch r-r-rods.

SANTA CLAUS [*sternly*]. In what way are you bad?

DUNCE. I p-p-play in study time, and w-w-whisper in recitation time, and sc-sc-scratch my desk, and m-m-make a noise when I should be quiet, and have to st-st-stand on the d-d-dunce stool half the day, and——.

SANTA CLAUS. Stop a moment. You look like a bright child. Can't you be good if you try?

DUNCE. Oh, yes, sir. I know how to be good.

SANTA CLAUS. I am glad to hear that, and as I dislike to see any one unhappy at Christmas time, I shall make you this offer. [*Takes gold medal from pocket.*] If, at the end of next term you are perfect in deportment and have improved in your studies, this medal will be given to you by your teacher, in whose care I will leave it. [*Presents medal to* TEACHER.] Meanwhile take this. It may prove an incentive. [*Gives a scholar's companion.*]

DUNCE [*after examining gift*]. This is ever so much nicer than a bundle of birch rods. I will be a good child from this day.

[CHRISTMAS ELVES *remove dunce-cap and help* DUNCE *down from dunce-stool.* TEACHER *and scholars clap hands, then gather about* SANTA CLAUS *and sing*: *Air*: *"Deck the Hall with Boughs of Holly."*]

"Not a heart here but rejoices,
Tra, la, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la,
Come, then, let us raise our voices,
Tra, la, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la,
Loud and clear the chorus ringing,
Praise of good old Santa singing,
Tra, la, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la.

"Merry Christmas comes each year,
Tra, la, la, la, la, etc.,
And, with it, comes Santa, dear,
Tra, la, la, la, la, etc.,
Gifts he brings to fill the measure,
Of the children's joy and pleasure,
Tra, la, la, la, la, etc.

"Santa we can ne'er forget you,
Tra, la, la, la, la, etc.,
Glad are we that we have met you,
Tra, la, la, la, la, etc.,
Now we thank you most sincerely,
And, fore'er, will love you dearly,
Tra, la, la, la, la, etc."

ONE WEEK IN A MOTHER'S LIFE.

STANLEY SCHELL.

NOTE.—"Repose Tableau" means that tableau has no action and no changes are made after curtains open. "Pantomime Tableau" means that certain things are done by those taking part after curtains open.

TABLEAU I.

Monday.—Washing-Day.

CHARACTERS: Two small girls.

COSTUMES: Plain calico dresses and gingham aprons. Hair smooth.

STAGE: Clothes-line, hung with doll clothes, stretched across stage. Girl, holding with one hand small skirt against clothes-line, faces audience. On table near stage front small wash-tub, filled with suds and with wash-board in it, faces audience. Girl behind tub leans over wash-board ready to wash.

TABLEAU: Curtains open on Repose Tableau. Curtains close; open again and disclose Pantomime Tableau: One girl fastening clothes to line, other girl washing. Girl at wash-board stops washing, looks up and recites first two lines of Stanza I. Pantomime and Recitation: Beginning with "sleeves, etc.," she goes to washing again until she reaches "drying," when she glances around at clothes on line, then back at audience as she finishes stanza. Curtains close.

STANZA I.

MONDAY is always our washing-day,
So not a moment can I stay,
Sleeves rolled up and soap-suds flying,
All the clothes will soon be drying.
I'm sure that not a bit of dirt
Will be seen on either frock or skirt.

TABLEAU II.

Tuesday.—Ironing-Day.

CHARACTERS: One small girl and doll.

COSTUMES: Plain calico dress. Hair smooth and neat.

STAGE: Table on right side of stage: on table ironing-stand and small iron; ironing-board on table and on back of girl's chair; on ironing-board pile of collars. Girl stands behind ironing-board, facing audience. Near her, short distance from chair, is doll's clothes-horse hung with nicely ironed doll's clothes.

TABLEAU: Curtains open and disclose Repose Tableau. Curtains close; open again and disclose Pantomime Tableau: Girl examines collars closely, feels of iron after moistening finger, puts iron down, goes to dolly and fixes her in chair, then back to ironing-stand and picks up collar, smoothes it, looks at audience. Pantomime and Recitation: Recites first three lines of Stanza II. At "the iron hot," she touches iron, and with fourth line points to heap of collars; then takes one, smoothes it, and as she finishes lines, irons collars. Curtains close.

STANZA II.

Tuesday is always our ironing-day.
All the wash-tubs are put away:
The board is smooth, the iron hot,
What a heap of collars we have got!
Every wrinkle must be well pressed
Before I dare sit down to rest.

TABLEAU III.

Wednesday.—Mending-Day.

CHARACTERS: One small girl and two dolls.

COSTUME: Neat white dress with white apron. Hair crimped and tied with fancy ribbon.

STAGE: Table near stage center. On table fancy table-cloth and pile of doll's clothes, just as they came from ironing-table; also work-basket near pile of clothes. To left of table little chair used in Tableau II., and in it large doll. To right of table girl sits in rocking-chair. At her feet doll partly undressed.

TABLEAU: Curtains open and disclose Repose Tableau. Curtains close; open again and disclose Pantomime Tableau: Girl, with stocking over her hand darning it, looks up occasionally at her dolls. Pantomime and Recitation: Recites Stanza III., and darns stockings. Curtains close.

STANZA III.

Wednesday is our mending-day.
Then our clothes are put away.
Stockings to darn, clothes to mend,
With none a helping hand to lend.
No rest for me I plainly see [*sighs*]
If I would clean and tidy be.

TABLEAU IV.

Thursday.—Visiting-Day.

CHARACTERS: Any number of small girls to ten.

COSTUMES: All very elaborate, of bright colors and long trains. Hair done up high.

STAGE: Small table at stage center. On table cups and saucers and fancy tea-pot or tea-kettle with lighted lamp under it. Small fancy chairs and sofas about stage with several girls seated holding cups and saucers, also several girls about to enter. Hostess stands near table looking at seated guests.

TABLEAU: Curtains open and disclose Repose Tableau. Curtains close; open again and disclose Pantomime Tableau: Girls sip tea and munch cake. Hostess smiles at them and nods as if in approval. Pantomime and Recitation: Hostess recites first three lines of Stanza IV., then turns to welcome incoming guests and recites next line. Incoming guests move to seats, then hostess nods in confidential manner and recites last two lines. Curtains close.

STANZA IV.

Thursday should be our visiting-day;
First we work, and then we play.
The cake is rich, the tea is strong!
Welcome, dear friends, pray come along.

[*Confidentially.*]

We women like a little chat,
Why should we be ashamed of that?

TABLEAU V.

Friday.—Sweeping-Day.

CHARACTERS: One small girl.

COSTUME: Plain calico dress, gingham apron, dusting-cap on head.

STAGE: All doll's furniture covered very carefully. Girl's chair turned upside down on table. Rugs rolled up and put on table. Girl stands with broom in hand as though about to sweep.

TABLEAU: Curtains open and disclose Repose Tableau. Curtains close; open again and disclose Pantomime Tableau: Girl sweeps, fixes rugs on table, picks up pin and puts it in dress, then sweeps again. Pantomime and Recitation: Reciter, when reaching "and feather-brush gay," etc., picks up duster and begins to dust. Continues dusting and arranging things until "But there!" After reciting these words, stops and, facing audience, finishes stanza. Curtains close.

STANZA V.

Friday is always sweeping-day.
With broom so handy, and feather-brush gay,
I wage a war against dirt and dust,
And have more to do than is quite just.
But there! I don't intend to strike,
For a tidy house is a thing I like.

TABLEAU VI.

Saturday.—Scrubbing and Baking-Day.

CHARACTERS: Two small girls.

COSTUMES: Girl at table, white baker's cap, white dress, sleeves up, gingham apron with bib. Girl on floor has old soiled gingham dress and her clothes are fixed in ridiculous manner.

STAGE: Table at stage center. On table molding-board, pan with flour, and glass of milk. On chair left of table bag of flour. Dolls sit in front of table leaning against its legs. One girl stands behind table facing audience and holds rolling-pin. Another girl kneels on floor beside pail of water and near stage front holding scrub-brush.

TABLEAU: Curtains open and disclose Repose Tableau. Curtains close; open again and disclose Pantomime Tableau: Girl at table rolls out dough and pats it; girl on floor soaps brush, dips it into water and scrubs; moves along and does it again, etc. Pantomime and Recitation: Girl at table recites Stanza VI. as she works (looking first at audience, then at scrubber, then at dough). Curtains close.

STANZA VI.

Saturday's scrubbing and baking-day.
Before my work aside I lay,
There are stockings to darn and bread to be made,
And the tradesmen's bills, of course, must be paid;
But by evening all my work is done,
And I feel as if Sunday's rest had begun.

TABLEAU VII.

Sunday.—Resting-Day.

CHARACTERS: Small girl and three dolls.

COSTUME: Girl in fancy white dress, fancy hat, gay parasol in her hand. Dolls in best dresses.

STAGE: Girl stands at stage center looking at largest doll which lies in hammock. One doll is in cradle to left of hammock and other is on chair to her right. Near this doll is girl's rocking-chair.

TABLEAU: Curtains open and disclose Repose Tableau. Curtains close; open again and disclose Pantomime Tableau: Girl swings hammock, takes out doll, hugs and kisses it, puts it back and smoothes dress, then walks to each doll in turn and looks at it, then, facing audience, recites Stanza VII. Curtains close.

STANZA VII.

The day we offer Him all our best.
For church quite early we must rise,
For time on Sunday quickly flies.
To worship Him to church we go,
Thankful for all He doth bestow.

TABLEAU VIII.

Finale.

CHARACTERS: All little girls of all tableaux.

COSTUMES: Same as worn in last Tableau in which each girl posed.

STAGE: Chairs, tables, dolls, hammock, trunks, wash-tub, wash-board, etc. Girls stand near them or sit on chairs with dolls on laps.

TABLEAU: Curtains open and disclose Repose Tableau. Curtains close; open again and disclose girls prettily grouped near front of stage holding dolls, parasols, etc. After moment's pause all recite in concert Stanza VIII. Curtains close.

STANZA VIII.

Thus with work for every day,
The weeks so quickly pass away
That soon a whole long year is gone,
And yet our work is never done.
But while we've health and strength to work,
We will not any task desert,
For idle hands in mischief get,
And idle minds can only fret.

MARY. Let us play house. I'll dress Tabby up for a doll and you can dress my Topsy for your doll.

LULU. Dress Topsy for my doll? I'd like to see myself do it. Nasty cats, they always scratch and yowl. Give me a dog for a pet. You can always have more fun with them.

MARY. What if cats do scratch, it isn't as bad as a dog bite. No dog for me ever since our Joey was bitten. A cat scratch is over in a few days, but a dog bite lasts forever.

NATIONS' CHRISTMAS MEETING.

DECORATIONS: Decorate with evergreen, holly and mistletoe.
CHARACTERS: Seven children of different countries represented.

[*European children enter one door as American child enters by opposite door.*]

ALL TOGETHER.

WE are little children
Who have come across the sea.

AMERICAN. I give you hearty welcome,
Christmas time, come keep with me.

RUSSIAN. I am Ivan from far-off Russia.

GERMAN. I am Gretchen from Germany.

ENGLISH CHILD. I am an English lassie.

NORWEGIAN. I, a Norwegian bold.

ITALIAN. Sunny Italy claims me.

DUTCH CHILD. A Dutchman in me behold.

[*American steps forward and holds out both hands.*]

AMERICAN.

I'm from the bravest nation
Under the golden sun;
Sisters and brothers, America
Welcomes you every one.

Welcomes you here, for Christmas,
Knows nothing of creeds or laws;
And children are bound together
By faith in old Santa Claus.

I know that whatever your nation,
The Christ-child comes unto you;
So, tell me, in your own countries
At Christmas what do you do?

RUSSIAN.

In Russia, when snows are falling,
Covering the brown earth o'er,

On the eve of merry Christmas
Babouscka comes to each door.
Naught cares she for coming darkness,
For winds that blow fierce and wild;
Her basket is heaped with presents,
Something for every child.

GERMAN.

When Christmas bells are ringing
In Germany you'll see,
Laden with toys and sweetmeats,
A beautiful Christmas-tree.
Its boughs with presents bending,
Something for every one;
While the Christ-child o'er it watches,
To see the children's fun.

ALL.

But, oh, dear! dear! for children
'Tis very, very sad!
Knecht Rupert comes rod bringing
For naughty lass or lad!

ENGLISH CHILD.

From my home in "Merrie England"
I have come, and where I go
I always bring, at Christmas,
The holly and mistletoe.
All over my happy nation
The bells are ringing so sweet;
And children are carols singing
In every crowded street.
The mothers are making ready
All of their Christmas cheer,
While at night the children will listen
For Santa and his reindeer.

NORWEGIAN.

From the land of Thor and Odin
I bring my offering;
There to me the finest presents
The good "Kristine" will bring.
And there, on Christmas morning,
You may see a sheaf of wheat
High on each roof or gable,
For the little birds to eat.

DUTCH CHILD.

I'm from queer old Holland,
My land belongs to the sea;
But at Christmas time St. Nicholas
Brings many a gift to me.
My wooden shoes together
I put when day is done,
And, riding by, St. Nicholas
Drops something in each one.

ITALIAN CHILD.

Where purple grapes are ripening,
And summer lingers late,
My Christmas gifts are hidden
Within the "Urn of Fate."
As soon as lamps are lighted,
Each one on bended knees,
From out an urn-shaped vessel
Takes what Fate then decrees.

SMALLNESS OF SOME PEOPLE.

GRACE. What are you waiting around for, Nellie?

NELLIE. I thought maybe you might give me a few grapes.

GRACE. I want all the grapes myself, but I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll save the skins for you!

GRAMMAR AS TAUGHT IN FAIRYLAND.

MARGARET MORRISON.

CHARACTERS: LITTLE GIRL, at study.
FAIRY GODMOTHER.
PARTS OF SPEECH, represented by nine little girls.
CONJUGATION, represented by four larger girls.

LITTLE GIRL.

MY brain's in a muddle,
It's grammar's the trouble,
My lesson I never shall know.
What's the use of it all!
Oh! I wish I were tall.
Oh! why, oh! why can't I grow?
Papa says, "Don't hammer!"
But our teacher of grammar,
Is just a bit of a crank.
She says, "Your inflections
Need endless corrections,
Just prepare a study blank."

Oh! this grammar! I must learn the parts of speech with their definitions for to-morrow. A noun is the name of any person, place or thing that can be known or mentioned. A noun—I wonder if that's Aunt Mary talking to mamma? I hope she brought Ethel with her. Oh! this hateful old grammar—a noun is the name of any—there is Teddy—he'll bother me, so I won't be able to study—a noun is the name of any person, place—I wonder if that is Buster? I'm sure it's his bark. I must see—why it is Buster; he is chasing Tommy Brown's big dog. Go it, Buster! Go it! Oh! I know he'll win. Run, Buster! Run!—oh! this hateful old grammar, I can't learn it; I'm tired of trying. [*Cries and falls asleep.*]

[*Enter* FAIRY GODMOTHER.]

FAIRY GODMOTHER. Ah! Whom have we here? Poor child,

she is worn out with study and has fallen asleep. Never mind, little one, it will soon be over. What, crying! Now tell me what it all is about.

LITTLE GIRL.

My brain's in a muddle,
It's grammar's the trouble,
  My lesson I really must learn.
If there's one thing I hate,
It's a verb to conjugate.
  Oh! I don't know which way to turn.

FAIRY GODMOTHER. Grammar! Why, it is just the same in Fairyland. Give the little school-elves some good hard work to do—in nature study, for instance—go out into the woods and collect one hundred spider-legs. They are off with a shout and back in a jiffy, and will prepare them in the culinary department into a most savory stew, fit to set before our Queen, and garnished with krinkled petals colored to suit any complexion. And when on Mardi Gras it was suggested that the school fairies should paint the town red, it was all I could do to keep them from taking every bit of vermilion in the supply closet—and vermilion is so expensive! But mention arithmetic or grammar, and the smiles vanish and the clouds appear. The Parts of Speech are the trouble. Well, I must help you. [*Taps three times and recites.*]

Come, Parts of Speech,
  Step from this book;
Let this little girl here,
  At you have a look.

[*Enter* PARTS OF SPEECH.]

PARTS OF SPEECH.

We're the Parts of Speech,
And we're quite within your reach.
Now grasp us, grasp us while you may.

NOUN.

I'm any one's name,
As Mary, Katie or Jane;
  Or, the name of some place on your map.
I'm a book or a slate,
A peach or a date,
  Or just your father's old hat.

PRONOUN.

I'm a dear little word,
Of the first, second or third,
  And her place I always can fill
When she takes a vacation.
She calls me her relation—
  And I easily fill in the bill.

ADJECTIVE.

I make her look pretty,
I sing a sweet ditty,
  I always accompany the noun.
To put me with a verb,
Is simply absurd,
  Enough to make all of us frown.

VERB.

I laugh and I dance,
I sing and I prance,
  I act in most any way.
I'm be, am or is,
E'en in being there's bliss,
  Always acting would hardly pay.

ADVERB.

I say, she sings sweetly,
Or acts most discreetly,
  Or laughs in a ladylike way.
I say where she hid it,
Or just when she did it;
  Or how it all happened that way.

PREPOSITION.

I have funny little ways,
I'm in with the phrase,
  I'm never allowed out alone.
I catch hold of the verb.
As a bridge I do serve,
  Or even a short telephone.

CONJUNCTION.

And, but, or, or nor,
We serve as a door,
  And often indicate pauses.
Treat us with respect,
We have learned etiquette,
  We often introduce clauses.

INTERJECTION.

Oh! this is a treat!
Ah! are they not sweet?
  I express almost any emotion.
I cry out at the train,
I scream when in pain,
  Or when I have earned a promotion.

PARTICIPLE [*running in breathless*]. They never told me they were coming. Some say I'm no real part of speech, but just part of the verb; but sometimes I act as a noun and sometimes as an adjective. That's more than they can do.

FAIRY GODMOTHER [*taps three times*]. Back, back, within the covers of your book!

[*Exit* PARTS OF SPEECH.]

LITTLE GIRL.

Oh! dear fairy mother, do not leave me to my fate,
For I can't, no I can't conjugate.

FAIRY GODMOTHER [*takes book*]. Conjugation! Let me see—the present indefinite and present perfect of the verb on page 159—. Well, I am glad it is the verb "to love," for every one loves every one in Fairyland. [*Taps three times.*]

[*Enter* YOUTH, MAIDEN, FATHER, MOTHER.]

YOUTH.

"I love," said the youth,
As he gazed at the roof;
And I hope you will not say me "Nay."

FATHER.

"Thou lov'st," roared the father,
Put an end to this pother,
And come no more in my way.

MAIDEN.

"He loves," sighed the maiden,
My heart's heavy laden—
Without him I surely shall cry.

YOUTH.

"She loves," cried the youth,
Her tears are the proof,
Without her I surely shall die.

YOUTH AND MAIDEN.

We love—we implore,
Now here on the floor,
Your blessing we earnestly crave.

FATHER.

You love—foolish pair,
Go sit on yon chair,
And learn, yes, learn to behave.

MOTHER.

"They love," begged the mother,
Now, be not cruel, father,
Just remember your own young days.

FATHER.

"I have loved," said the father.

MOTHER.

"Thou hast loved," said the mother,
He has loved me this many a year.

FATHER AND MOTHER.

"We have loved," said the both.

YOUTH AND MAIDEN.

You have loved, it's the truth.
They have loved, we have nothing to fear.
I love—thou lov'st—he loves—she loves—
We love.

FATHER AND MOTHER.

You love? They both love.

ALL.

It's all in the present.

FATHER AND MOTHER.

I have loved, thou hast loved, he has loved—
She has loved, we have loved.

YOUTH AND MAIDEN.

You have loved! They have both loved.

ALL.

It's all in the perfect.

[FAIRY GODMOTHER *taps three times. All but* LITTLE GIRL *exit.*]

LITTLE GIRL [*waking*]. Oh! what a funny dream I had. I dreamed the fairies came and taught me my lesson. Let me see if I really know it—I love—thou lov'st—he loves—she loves—we love—you love—they both love. It's all in the present. I have loved—thou hast loved—he has loved—she has loved—we have loved—you have loved—they have both loved. It's all in the perfect.

JULY FOURTH.

FIRST GIRL. Hurrah for our Fourth, our glorious Fourth!
Let all the bells ring, and the cannon roar.
SECOND GIRL. 'Tis Liberty's birthday—up with the flag!
Let it float from mountain to shore.
THIRD GIRL. We'll stand by that flag, and in peace or war
On our help you can safely rely.
FOURTH GIRL. Oft on the battlefields, e'en at the guns,
Have Columbia's daughters been found.
[*All stand at salute to flag.*]

SCHOOL OF OUR LORD.

CLASS EXERCISE SUITABLE FOR CHILDREN'S DAY.

BYRON H. CORNISH.

NOTE.—Order of subjects is not arbitrary, but may be changed to suit occasion. Any subjects may be omitted. Large banner for class should be inscribed "The School of Our Lord," and hung above class; while each member has small banner (or shield, scarf or book) bearing name of branch represented by pupil.

ALL.

IN the School of Our Lord, our Teacher, all wise,
Doth unto us all knowledge deliver,
Which we need for our dwelling beyond the skies,
With Him and the angels forever and ever.

Reading.

FIRST PUPIL.

He who opened the ears of the deaf to hear,
And gave sight to the darkened eyes,
Teaches us to "read our title clear
To mansions in the skies."

SECOND PUPIL.

In His two great books, the Bible dear
And nature's great wonderland,
We are taught to read of His matchless love,
That His will we may understand.

Writing.

THIRD PUPIL.

How to write our names on the hearts of men—
This we likewise learn to do
In deeds and words, be they great or small
Does not matter, if they be true.

Language.

FOURTH PUPIL.

The language of heaven of Him we learn;
'Tis within the infant's reach.
How quickly our transformed minds discern
The beauties of His purer speech!

Singing.

FIFTH PUPIL.

The song of the ransomed—the sweet song,
Which the worldling can never sing—
We learn while here; but with heaven's throng
We'll make those spacious arches ring.

Geography.

SIXTH PUPIL.

He tells of a city and country to come,
Whose landscapes rare beauty display;
A clime, health-preserving, through which we may roam,
In a kingdom of unending day.

History.

SEVENTH PUPIL.

The story we learn of man's high estate;
Which satan, invading, gained;
But Jesus, God's cause did reinstate,
And, as rightful Ruler, reigned.

Government.

EIGHTH PUPIL.

"Upon His shoulders the government,"
A perfect law is given;
If we serve Him well in our present sphere,
We shall reign with Him in heaven.

Health.

NINTH PUPIL.

For the health of the soul His teachings are good,
He instructs us how to secure
Our portions of atmosphere, exercise, food—
Soul-nourishing, wholesome and pure.

Economics.

TENTH PUPIL.

If we measure our work to the wants of men,
By the gauge of Christian love,
We shall gain that wealth which abideth when
We shall dwell in the realms above.

Philosophy.

ELEVENTH PUPIL.

All things that exist in the spirit world,
As well as in nature's realm,
Are governed by law, just, true and good,
With the Master at the helm.

Geometry.

TWELFTH PUPIL.

That we shape our lives like the Master's, true—
He teaches this holy aim:
"Whatsoe'er ye would that men do unto you,
Do ye likewise unto them."

Arithmetic.

THIRTEENTH PUPIL.

How much shall it profit the world to gain
If the soul be forever lost?
For moments of mirth to give ages of pain
Is paying a fearful cost.

FOURTEENTH PUPIL.

And if each disciple should, in each year,
One soul to the Saviour bring,
How long would it be ere the whole wide world
Would acknowledge the Christ as King?

ALL.

How delightful with Jesus, our Teacher,
To explore true wisdom's fields,
And discover each day some new feature,
Which her infinite treasury yields!

PALM DRILL.

DRILL OR DANCE FOR NINE GIRLS.

STANLEY SCHELL.

MUSIC: Any dreamy music. Schumann's "Slumber Song" (35c.) may be used.

COSTUMES: White Greek gowns. Each girl carries large palm leaf.

STAGE-SETTING: Garden scene: Use moss for stage-floor or green crash. Place palm plants about stage. Also pots of spring flowers.

GIRLS trip in gaily from all sides of stage; wave palm branches in time with music; circle in and out around palms and flowers, finally coming out in front, facing audience in form of angle (see Diagram I.).

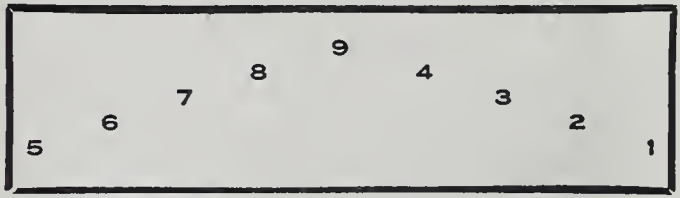


DIAGRAM I.

1. Wave palms back and toward No. 9, then forward toward stage front corner. (Four times.)

2. All revolve on spot where standing, waving palms. (Four times.) Wave palms R. (Four times.) Wave palms L. (Four times.) All revolve on spot where standing, waving palms. (Four times.)

3. All wave palms right, then wave palms left, and so on. Meanwhile No. 5 whirls on spot where she is standing and then winds around No. 6 by way of inside of angle, around No. 7 by way of outside of angle, then around No. 8 by way of inside of angle, then takes position just back of and to R. of No. 9 but close to No. 9. Meanwhile No. 1 has whirled around on spot where she is standing and then winds around No. 2 by way of inside of angle, around No. 3 by way of outside of angle, around No. 4 by way of inside of angle and then takes position just back of and to the L. of No. 9 but close to No. 9. Nos. 5, 9, 1, hold palm branches out in front of them. Meanwhile sides of angle have been widened by girls forming part of angle, leaving wider space at back center for group there. No. 6 and No. 2 now do exactly what No. 5 and No. 1 did in order to place themselves beside No. 9. No. 7

and No. 3 then do the same. No. 8 and No. 4 do the same. Meanwhile No. 9 and others on each side of No. 9 keep gradually moving forward as shown in Diagram II., until angle is complete as shown in Diagram II.

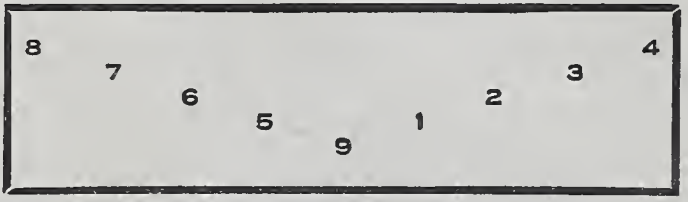


DIAGRAM II.

4. All revolve on spot where they are standing and wave palms. (Four times.)

5. All wave palms forward toward No. 9, then backward toward back corners of stage.

6. Palms are to be waved out R. and L. alternately. Meanwhile No. 8 and No. 4 glide out gradually to R. and L. sides of stage; No. 7 and No. 3 do likewise, stopping within two feet of No. 8 or No. 4 respectively; No. 6 and No. 2 do the same; No. 5 and No. 1 do the same. Meanwhile all, excepting No. 8 and No. 4, are slowly and imperceptibly stepping backward until they are on line with No. 8 and No. 4. When all have finished moving, they are formed in one long line across stage facing audience.

7. Every other girl waves palm out front. Every other girl waves palm back. (Four times.)

8. All whirl on spot where standing, waving palm branches, then glide around stage in circle, waving palm branches and back to place.

9. All whirl on spot where standing, waving palm branches, then glide around stage in circle form by opposite way.

10. All glide gradually in toward center, waving palm branches until all are bunched at stage center, then all hold palm branches vertical in outside hands. Tableau with colored light.

11. All put tops of palm branches together and then keeping them there push bodies out from stage center. All look up at palm branches. Tableau with colored light.

12. Each in turn whirls around inside and under arch of palm branches and back into place.

13. Front two in bunch separate from rest of girls, and, placing palm branches together, glide to stage front followed by each other two in couples doing the same.

14. No. 9 glides forward and beneath arch of palm branches to front center and kneels. Holds her palm branch across her knees. All other girls hold palm branches forward and over No. 9; couples behind first couple having separated and moved to positions to R. or L. of first couple, all forming semicircle of palm branches over kneeling No. 9. Tableau with colored light.

15. Center girls put tops of palm branches together and separate slightly to R. and L. Girls each side of center girls kneel and hold palm branches out front. Tableau with colored light.

16. All rise, and with waving palms make complete circle of stage, waving palms lightly from R. to L. as they glide around. Then all glide into position indicated in Diagram III. When all are thus placed, palm branches are placed before faces or across chests in such fashion as to form complete cross of palm branches. Nos. 3, 8 and 2 drop slightly, each little lower than the other. Tableau with colored light.

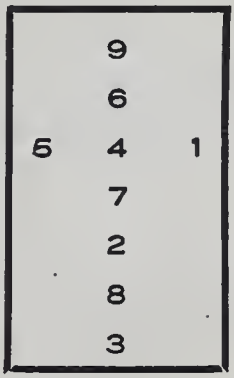


DIAGRAM III.

17. All separate and glide about stage joyously, and after making complete circle glide again in form of figure 8 as shown in Diagram IV.

DIAGRAM IV.

18. After figure 8 has been formed, No. 1 leads the others around stage, then into spiral form about stage center, they then unwinding from spiral and forming one long line facing audience.

19. Every other girl steps backward from line, waving palm branches forward and making deep obeisance. Then the others on line make deep obeisance, waving palm branches. Then first set that stepped backward does the same again, then second set steps backward and does same. Each time set steps backward girls wave palm branches forward and make deep obeisance. Each group in turn does same thing until stage back is reached.

20. All suddenly whirl R. then L., wave palms, then move toward exit, waving palms. Exit.

THANKSGIVING DAY DINNER.

EXERCISE FOR ELEVEN LITTLE GIRLS.

ELLA M. JOHNSTON.

[Each girl carries small dish containing article described in her lines.]

Soup.

FIRST GIRL.

THIS is the soup that was made one morn
(From the cow you've heard had the "crumpled horn");
'Twas prepared for Thanksgiving dinner.

Turkey.

SECOND GIRL.

This is the turkey, juicy and brown,
He lived near the cow, a long way from town;
He's roasted for Thanksgiving dinner.

Potatoes.

THIRD GIRL.

These are potatoes that grew at the place
Where the turkey strutted with stately grace;
They're mashed for Thanksgiving dinner.

Corn.

FOURTH GIRL.

This is the corn, so tender and sweet,
On the farm, the potato, and cornfields meet.
It's boiled for Thanksgiving dinner.

Bread.

FIFTH GIRL.

This is the bread made from flour so clean,
Ground from wheat; in the fields near the corn it is seen,
It was baked for Thanksgiving dinner.

Pie.

SIXTH GIRL.

This is the golden, spicy sweet pie;
It was made from the pumpkins growing close by;
It's dessert for Thanksgiving dinner.

Cake.

SEVENTH GIRL.

This is the cake made with eggs newly laid
By the hen who safe in the barn-yard stayed;
It was mixed for Thanksgiving dinner.

Ice-Cream.

EIGHTH GIRL.

This is the cream which gentle-eyed Fan
Gave to make fine ice-cream flavored sweet: in the can
It was frozen for Thanksgiving dinner.

Apples.

NINTH GIRL.

These are the apples, rosy and fair;
They grew in the orchard, don't you know where?
They are polished for Thanksgiving dinner.

Nuts.

TENTH GIRL.

These are the nuts; they were ripe just this fall.
From the tree in the woods growing strong, straight, and tall.
They were gathered for Thanksgiving dinner.

Candy.

ELEVENTH GIRL.

This is the candy, 'twas made from the sap
Of the maple, that's growing just there in the "gap";
It was sugared for Thanksgiving dinner.

ALL.

We'll thank farmer and all who, with work and skill,
All the sweet summer long with hearty good-will
Were preparing our Thanksgiving dinner.
We've been talking so long, our whole story's told;
If we don't hurry now, everything will be cold.
Won't you come, please, to Thanksgiving dinner?

[*As all march off, led by* FIRST GIRL, *music is played behind scenes, children humming as they go.*]

MAY-BASKET TIME.

EXERCISE FOF FIVE SMALL GIRLS, OR ONE MAY-BASKET GIRL AND GROUPS OF FLOWER-MAIDENS.

STANLEY SCHELL.

COSTUMES: Ordinary; or, one girl wears white and carries May Basket; others wear costumes impersonating different flowers they present for the May Basket and carry flowers and large letters.

SCENE: At rise of curtain, MAY-BASKET GIRL, in white, comes tripping into garden (stage set with potted plants, small shrubs, etc.); and, gazing about a moment, seems surprised to find no one there. Suddenly laughing is heard, and in come FLOWER MAIDENS from different parts of stage and take positions just back of pots of flowers they impersonate. In their

arms are blossoms they impersonate. MAY-BASKET GIRL smiles at each in turn. FLOWER MAIDENS sway forward in response, whirl on place, dance around pots of flowers, then trip to positions around MAY-BASKET GIRL, around whom they circle joyously, waving flowers. Circle separates, forming semicircle at sides of MAY-BASKET GIRL, looking at audience.

MAY-BASKET GIRL [*smiling at both sides of her, holds out May Basket*].

See my May Basket, so dainty and sweet,
What shall we put into it to make it complete?

LILY OR LILIES [*stepping forward and holding out lilies and large letter "L"*].

L stands for Lilies so clean and pure,
These tell of Love, for May Day, constant and sure.

OX-EYED DAISY OR DAISIES [*stepping forward and holding out ox-eyed daisies and larger letter "O"*].

O stands for Ox-eyes, so bright and so gay,
They speak for Love, on this bright May Day.

VIOLET OR VIOLETS [*stepping forward and holding out violets and large letter "V"*].

V stands for Violet, tender and sweet,
They tell of Love of May Day, each time we meet.

EGLANTINE OR EGLANTINES [*stepping forward and holding out eglantines and large letter "E"*].

E stands for Eglantine, fragrant and green,
They tell of Love of May Day, because of their sheen.

[*When last flower has spoken,* FLOWER MAIDENS, *who all stand in semicircle facing* MAY-BASKET GIRL, *sway toward her, making deep obeisance, then trip forward and place flowers they hold in various parts of basket so that result is pretty combination of color.* FLOWER MAIDENS *trip to positions back of* MAY-BASKET GIRL *and hold up four letters, spelling "L O V E." Rest of girls (if there are more) group themselves about each letter they stand for. Hold as Tableau. Curtain.*]

THREE WONDERFUL THINGS.

EASTER EXERCISE FOR THREE CHILDREN.

ELSIE L. DARLING.

[To be recited by three children, first holding an egg, second a cocoon, third a bulb. Fourth stanza is to be recited in concert.]

FIRST CHILD.

SEE what the good hen made,—
An egg, all newly laid!
There's life inside the shell, that warmth will quicken.
We'll put it in the nest,
'Neath mother hen's soft breast,
And soon there'll be a dear, wee, downy chicken.

SECOND CHILD.

Curled up, all brown and old,
A curious leaf I hold;
A caterpillar sleeps in furry bed.
In spring the leaf will crack,
And, wings upon his back,
A butterfly, he'll flutter overhead!

THIRD CHILD.

This ugly bulb, I know,
If I would see it grow,
Must in the earth be hidden from the light.
Then tiny blades of green
Upspringing will be seen,
Till blooms on high a lily, pure and white.

ALL.

Ah, yes! these wonders three
Each springtime we may see.
The Father sends them as a joyful letter
To all His children dear.
Let's open eye and ear
To understand the sweet, glad tidings better.

THE ALPHABET.

PLAY FOR TWENTY-SIX GIRLS AND TEACHER.

FIG. 1.

COSTUMES: Thirteen girls should be dressed entirely in white and thirteen girls in red. TEACHER is costumed as shown in Figure 1 and carries white switch tied with red ribbon. (If desired, thirteen performers may be boys, instead of girls.)

STAGE: Decorate back of stage with evergreens and palms; sides with flags or large flag on each side.

POINTS: TEACHER should be young girl yet old enough to lead and direct children. Marches introduced may be as simple or as elaborate as desired. Shields are made of heavy cardboard after pattern shown in Figure 2; handles are made of strips of tin fastened in middle of shield. To secure handle in place, cut with sharp knife two horizontal slits one inch long in shield near center. These slits should be five inches apart and one directly above the other. Then cut two more slits of same size, one two inches above top slit and other two inches below bottom slit. Pass one end of tin through lower top slit, working from inside of shield, and bend end up, slipping it back through upper top slit as if taking a stitch; then fasten end by bending it up close to inner surface of shield. Care should be taken not to tear cardboard.

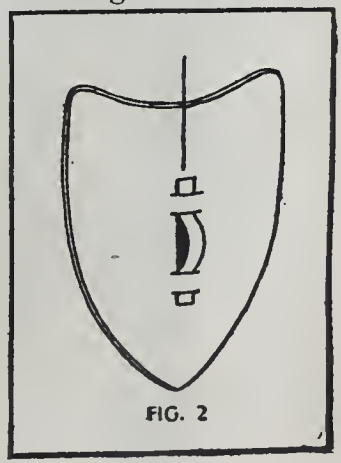


FIG. 2

FIG. 3

Now reverse order of work, and, passing other end of this tin through two lower slits in shield, fasten it down by bending end. Loop of handle should be sufficiently large to allow child's hand to slide in and grasp it easily. If tin is well wrapped with cotton cloth, there is no danger of getting cut from the sharp edges. Large black letters are either painted on shields or cut from black paper or cloth and pasted on. These letters should be simple and plain in design, that they may be instantly recognized. All shields should be of one size, and should reach from shoulder to knee of bearer. Children should be nearly of same height.

[*Enter* TEACHER *and* LETTERS *from right.* LETTERS *march in single file in order of alphabet (alternately girl in white and girl in red), headed by* TEACHER, *who keeps time with switch. After crossing stage,* TEACHER *leaves procession and stands at left.* LETTERS *turn, march back to right behind advancing line, turn again, forming reversed "S," march to left, then around front of stage to right, marching in circle until half circle is formed at back of stage, where they halt and remain standing. Figure 4 shows order of march. As* LETTERS *enter they carry shields on left arms; as they turn to right they shift them to right arms, always keeping face of the shield toward audience. When standing shield is held with both hands directly in front so that letters may be plainly visible.*]

TEACHER. Attention! Present a greeting to our friends!

[LETTERS "A E L S T U" *step to front of stage and stand in line.*]

TEACHER. Well, what do you say?

[LETTERS *change places and form word* "SALUTE."]

TEACHER. Very good. Retire to your places.

[LETTERS *step back in line of alphabet.*]

TEACHER. We all know the alphabet is made up of two families. The name of one family is Vowel, and the name of the other is Consonant. The vowels will please step forward.

[LETTERS "A E I O U" *advance to front.*]

TEACHER. There are two step-sisters which we sometimes call Vowels. Where are they?

[LETTERS "W" *and* "Y" *join others.*]

TEACHER. That will do.

[*Vowels return to places.*]

TEACHER. Consonants come forward!

[*All* LETTERS *except* "A E I O U W" *and* "Y" *advance; then* "W" *and* "Y" *join consonants.*]

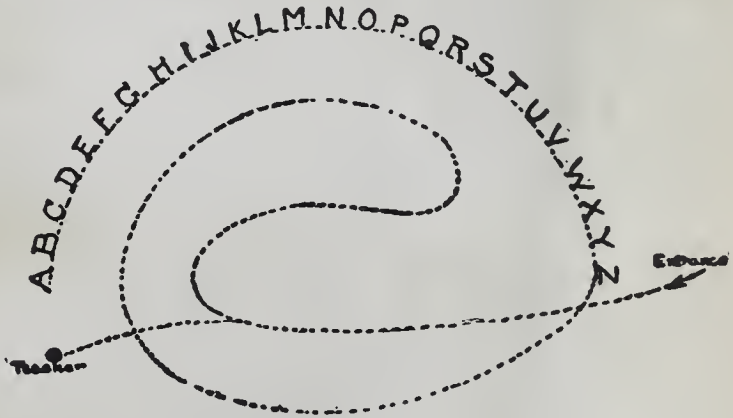


FIG. 4

TEACHER. Very well.

[LETTERS *return to places.*]

TEACHER. We will now have our spelling-class, and be careful that you spell correctly. The letters for "Cat" step forward.

[LETTERS "A C T" *run to front and stand, spelling* "ACT."]

TEACHER. You are not spelling "Cat." Try again.

[LETTERS *shift position to form* "TAC."]

TEACHER. Dear me! You haven't got it right yet. I'm surprised!

[LETTERS *change, forming word* "CAT."]

TEACHER. Right at last. Now spell something that cats love.

[LETTERS "N I P" *join* "C A T," *spelling* "CATNIP."]

TEACHER. Can you spell another word?

["C" *turns back, while others stand spelling* "PAINT."]

TEACHER. Another.

["P" *turns back, and rest spell* "ANTIC."]

TEACHER. Spell one more word.

["P" *remains with back to audience,* "I" *turns away, and others spell* "CANT," *and then return to places in alphabet line.*]

TEACHER. Are you ready for your grammar?

[LETTERS Y E S *run to front, spell* YES, *and retire.*]

TEACHER. Well, then, we will try verbs. Verbs signify action. Give me a word that denotes action.

[LETTERS *remain quiet.*]

TEACHER. I will illustrate. Your sister *runs*. What does that signify?

[LETTERS A M O U S E *run out, spell* A MOUSE, *and return.*]

TEACHER. We will try conjugating the verb "to be." It begins: I am, you are—well?

[LETTERS T I R E D *walk slowly forward, spell* TIRED, *and return to places.*]

TEACHER. So am I; we might sit. What do we stand for?

[*Here, for first time,* LETTERS *speak. "A" steps forward two steps, answers immediately, and steps backward to place. Then "B" does same, followed by each letter of alphabet in turn.*]

A — A stands for Action, and that means to run.
B — B stands for Baker and also for Bun.
C — C stands for Catnip, the best of all tea.
D — D stands for Darling, and that stands for me.
E — E stands for Emerald, a most precious stone.
F — F stands for Fun and my own Funny-bone.
G — G stands for Gold, which is yellow and bright.
H — H stands for Hope, Heaven, Holy and Height.
I — I stands for Ink, which is not a good toy.

J — J stands for Jelly and Jumping and Joy.
K — K stands for Kitchen with a dear little stove.
L — L stands for Laddie and Labor and Love.
M — M stands for Maiden and Merry and May.
N — N stands for Nonsense and Noddle and Neigh.
O — O stands for Omelet and Only and Off.
P — P stands for Painter and Palace and Puff.
Q — Q stands for Quaker and Quiet and Queer.
R — R stands for Rabbit and Racing and Rear.
S — S stands for Sampler and Sewing and Shears.
T — T stands for Taffy and Tardrops and Tears.
U — U stands for Upper and Under and Urn.
V — V stands for Vane, which the winds always turn.
W — W stands for Winter, snowy and white.
X — X stands for Xylite, I think I am right.
Y — Y stands for Yes, but never for no.
Z — Z stands for Zero, and now we must go.

[*March music strikes up, pianist playing "Marching Through Georgia."* TEACHER *leads procession, and* LETTERS *follow, singing following words:*]

We are going now Alphabet at play,
Holding in our hands all that's grave or gay;
See how we are marching all the letters in array,
Marching onward to Dreamland.

CHORUS.

Speak low, speak low, we sing a lullaby;
Speak low, speak low, pray children do not cry,
Though we now must leave you and say a sweet—

[*Here* LETTERS "G O Q D B Y" *leave ranks and stand at front of stage.* D *places hand over quirk of letter* Q, *making* O, *and they form word "*GOOD-BY." *Curtain.*]

IF DOLLS WERE REAL!

FIRST GIRL. If dolls were real what fun 'twould be!
Then they could truly pour their tea.
SECOND GIRL. They'd dance and love and speak and feel!
Oh, wouldn't it be fun, if dolls were real!

HOW THE GIRLS PLAYED SCHOOL.

PLAY FOR NINE GIRLS FROM NINE TO THIRTEEN YEARS.

SUGGESTIONS: Girls enter in groups of twos and threes, chatter and work. Each girl holds some work. JENNIE is knitting with colored wool; DAISY has gay-colored ball which she tosses; MAUD has skipping-rope with which she jumps; FLORRIE has bright-colored picture-book; HILDA and EMMA have arms entwined and pretend to be practising latest dance steps; LOUISE has large apple which she munches; BERTHA has battledore and shuttlecock with which she plays; LILY has baby doll which she is constantly hugging and kissing.

HILDA [*stepping forward to center of groupings*]. How unfortunate it is that it should be wet, isn't it, girls? Of course, we can't go for our walk, so we must put off buying those presents for a brighter afternoon. But what shall we do with ourselves?

EMMA [*looking up from picture-book*]. Oh, I know; let us play school. It will be such fun. Shall we?

JENNIE [*twirling skipping-rope*]. Yes, if we don't have to study anything. I think we learned quite enough this morning to last us the rest of the day.

ALL [*laughing*]. Hear; hear!

MAUD [*stepping forward*]. But who is to be teacher? Shall I?

HILDA [*turning towards* MAUD *with uplifted finger*]. No, indeed! You are too strict. Let Louise be teacher, girls. Eh?

ALL. Oh, yes. Come, Louise.

[*All girls should now be in disorder, arms entwined, some chattering, some jigging about, etc. This continues until* LOUISE, *little later on, says "Attention," then all suddenly form into one straight line with heads erect.* LOUISE *steps front and stands in despair till* FLORRIE *speaks.*]

FLORRIE. Well, if we are going to play properly, we must put all our things away for a time. Let me take them.

[*Goes to all girls and collects articles they are holding.*]

JENNIE [*as she hands over knitting*]. Be careful of the stitches in my knitting.

DAISY. And don't let my ball get lost.

LOUISE [*with teacher-like attitude*]. Well, girls, if I'm to be teacher, I do hope you will all be good children. [*Aside.*] Let me see—how do teachers generally start? Oh, I know—I must have good order first. Now for it. [*Faces girls and calls out loudly.*] Fall in! [*Girls arrange themselves in semicircle.*] Attention! Splendid! That shows how well you've been taught. Now, then, hands up for answer, and the best girl shall be my assistant. [*Speaks very slowly.*] How do you spell mouse-trap in three letters?

[*All look at each other puzzled; last girl shoots out her hand.*]

LOUISE. Well, Daisy, speak out.

DAISY. "C A T"—cat.

LOUISE. Quite right. Go to the head, my child.

[DAISY *passes rapidly round back of semicircle, and to head of class with jubilant air.*]

LILY. Now, why didn't I think of that? Of course, a cat is a mouse-trap, for it catches mice often enough.

LOUISE [*with uplifted hand and commanding voice*]. Silence! Now, try again. If you saw three pigeons on a tree and shot two, how many would remain?

ALL [*shouting*]. None.

LOUISE. Hush, girls; I cannot have such disorder. Now, Jennie, you try and tell me why.

[JENNIE *steps to front with finger in mouth.*]

LOUISE. You don't know. Well, Emma, you tell me.

EMMA. Because the third bird would fly away.

[*Moves hand jauntily in imitation of bird flying.*]

LOUISE. Of course. Now I am sure you can all tell me why the world is like music.

BERTHA [*stepping forward and holding up right hand*]. Because it is full of *sharps* and *flats*.

LOUISE. Which is the smallest bridge in the world?

FLORRIE. The bridge of the nose.

LOUISE. Which travels fastest, heat or cold?

ALL. Heat.

LOUISE. Why?

ALL. Because you can easily *catch cold*.

LOUISE. Spell dried grass in three letters.

ALL. "H A Y"—hay.

LOUISE. How *clever* you all are. I must try you with something harder. Hilda, come and put up the blackboard. [LOUISE *writes on it*: "Y y u r, Y y u b, I c u r, Y y for me."] Now for your *reading*. Emma, come forward and read this. [EMMA *comes forward and reads slowly*, "Y—y," *then halts*.]

LOUISE [*patronizingly*]. Ah, your reading is rather backward, I fear. Bertha, you try. [BERTHA *comes forward, and haltingly says*: "Y—, Y—, ur—".]

LOUISE [*briskly and pompously*]. Why, you cannot read at all. Now all read it after me. [*Takes up pointer, and in gracious, expressive tone reads each line, class reading it after her*:]

"Too wise you are,
Too wise you be,
I see you are
Too wise for me."

[*While reading last line,* LOUISE *courtesies, pointing to herself at "me." Class read "Too wise for you," all shaking forefinger at her laughingly*.]

LOUISE. After that, I think I better retire and let you have a change of teachers. [*Steps back to former place among semicircle of girls, who resume their disorder*.]

LILY. Oh, girls, *do* let *me* teach for a time.

ALL. Very well. [LILY *steps front*.]

LILY. *I* shall try you in domestic economy. In making pancakes what do you require?

HILDA [*quickly*]. Coal and iron. [*Emphasises each word with forefinger*.]

LILY. Coal! and iron!

HILDA [*saucily*]. Yes, coal for the *fire,* and iron for the *frying-pan.*

LILY. Oh! you are far too advanced for *this* class. Pray retire. I will try you, Maud. Hold your head up nicely. Now! tell me any warmth-giving diet.

MAUD. Pepper-mint drops and cayenne pepper.

LILY. You all seem sharp; but not sharp enough, I think, to show me that half of twelve may sometimes be seven. [*Writes "XII."*]

FLORRIE. Oh! *I* can prove that with a *duster.* [*Steps forward and rubs out lower half of "XII." (thus, "VII") and says, "V and two I's often stand for seven."*]

LILY. Your intelligence surprises me. Do you think you could write the name of an animal, using only a cross and a circle?

EMMA [*putting up hand and stepping forward*]. *I* should like to try.

LILY. Very well. [EMMA *steps to blackboard and takes chalk.*] Put the cross first. [EMMA *makes large cross to extreme right of blackboard.*]

LILY. And now hurry up with the circle. [EMMA *makes large "O" in front of "X."*]

ALL [*clapping*]. Bravo! Bravo!

LILY. Now, with *three straight lines,* who can change the "OX" into a much smaller quadruped?

JENNIE. Oh! I can. [*Does it by placing "F" in front of "OX" on blackboard, making it "FOX."*]

LILY. Very good. Now, who can offer a recitation?

DAISY. May I try?

LILY. Most certainly. Pray proceed.

DAISY [*with mock dramatic air*].

"How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gobble up the honey
Out of every little flower."

[*Bows and steps back.*]

BERTHA [*quickly and eagerly*]. Oh! let me try.

LILY. By all means.

BERTHA [*half turning to girls, who turn toward her and stand in listening attitude*].

"Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow,
And where it said 'Keep off the grass'
That lamb was sure to go.

"The schoolroom was its great delight,
It trotted round the place,
And winked and baaed and kicked its heels,
Till it was in disgrace."

"Its end I weep to tell you,"

[*Puts handkerchief to eyes as if weeping, while girls gather closer, and look sympathetic, remaining so till "mutton-pie," when they fall back into places with disgusted look.*]

"I'm sure you all will sigh,
To know that Mary's little lamb
Is now—[*pauses and then says suddenly*]—
a mutton-pie."

[*Any little topical rhyme may be delivered here with great effect. Any good-natured little skits on drawbacks of parents, etc., are greatly enjoyed.*]

LILY. Your intelligence is of a most high order. I am sure every one must have been charmed with such learned poetical effusions. Now for a little drill. Eyelids down. Heads down.

[*Girls form pretty picture by either placing heads on each others' shoulders, or resting heads on hands, or simply standing as if asleep, remaining so a moment.*]

LILY. Good morning, girls.

[*Each girl opens eyes, straightens up, courtesies, and responds with "Good morning, teacher."*]

LILY. Show surprise!

[*Girls raise palms outward, and start backward as if greatly astonished.*]

LILY. Yes, and well you may, for the tea-bell is ringing.

[*Girl rings small tea-bell.*]

LILY. Hasn't the time flown? Let's march in to tea in single file, just for fun. Eyes front! Right! Turn! Mark time! Forward! March!

[*All march off stage, keeping time with head erect,* LILY *falling in at end of line and waving hand as she disappears.*]

FAIRIES' FESTIVAL.

EXERCISE FOR EIGHT LITTLE GIRLS OF EQUAL HEIGHT.

[Stage may be draped in green and white cheese-cloth and festooned with evergreen to represent Fairyland. Four girls are dressed as fairies in white with wreaths of roses (paper will do) on heads. Four girls are dressed as elves in loose brown and green cotton suits, with long "stocking" caps of same material. All carry banners of white fastened to short gilded stick. Letters of name each fairy represents are made from gold paper and pasted on white. When girls come on stage, banners are carried in right hands with banner part wound around stick. As each girl recites she unfurls banner and holds it up. Fairies enter stage to lively step. They march around once by ones, fairies and elves alternating, then by couples, then fours, and at last all take hold of hands and come forward to front of stage.]

ALL.

WE are people of Fairyland,
We rule the world with gentle hand;
Unseen we wander far and wide,
O'er hill and plain and ocean ride;
And now that Christmas time is here,
The gladest feast of all the year,
Light hearts and lips with praises ring,
This is the Christmas song they sing.

[FAIRIES *sing a Christmas carol.*]

ALL.

And now our flags shall be unfurled
To show the powers that rule the world.

[*Unclasp hands.*]

FIRST FAIRY [*unfurls "Love"*].

Love is the queen of Fairyland,
She goes to young and old;
She brings the sunshine into life
And scatters joys untold.

FIRST ELF [*unfurls "Mirth"*].

By the name of Mirth you know me,
My smile is on many a face;
At Christmas time I'm oh, so busy,
As I pass from place to place.

SECOND FAIRY [*unfurls "Hope"*].

Hope whispers with her fairy voice
And works a magic spell,
Then back to Fairyland returns,
Where all her sisters dwell.

SECOND ELF [*unfurls "Joy"*].

This is Joy, the brother of Mirth;
Always together they bless the earth.

THIRD FAIRY [*unfurls "Charity"*].

Charity travels on gentle wing,
A message from Fairyland to bring;
These are her words of peace and love:
"Good-will to man from heav'n above."

THIRD ELF [*unfurls "Truth"*].

Truth sets all wrongs aright,
And shows the honest way.
Let faces beam with Truth's own light,
On this our Christmas day.

FOURTH FAIRY [*unfurls "Faith"*].

Faith is the friend who helps to bear
Peace, Love, and Joy to grief and care.

FOURTH ELF [*unfurls "Peace"*].

Peace and good-will we sing to-day,
As round the world we fly;
Peaceful the joys of Christmas-tide,
That peace comes from on high.

ALL.

And now a glimpse of Fairyland,
We've given you to-day;
Farewell! Good-bye. [*Kiss hands.*] We must
be off,
No longer can we stay.

[*March off to music, with banners carried over right shoulders.*]

QUEEN OF THE FLOWERS.

PLAY SUITABLE FOR MAY DAY, BLOSSOM SUNDAY OR CLOSING DAY OF SCHOOL.

GRACE B. FAXON.

CHARACTERS.

GODDESS FLORA,	PANSY,
DAISY,	TULIP,
FORGET-ME-NOT,	DAHLIA,
VIOLET,	SWEET PEA,
ROSE,	DANDELION,
POPPY,	CROCUS,

LILY-OF-THE-VALLEY.

COSTUMES.

GODDESS FLORA—Empire dress of white trimmed with trailing vines and flowers; hair flowing with flowers woven in it.

TULIP—red dress, striped with yellow.

LILY-OF-THE-VALLEY—white dress trimmed with lilies-of-the-valley.

VIOLET—blue, accordion-plaited skirt, bodice trimmed with green leaves.

DAISY—orange-colored skirt with white petal-shaped pieces extending from waist to bottom of skirt. Orange bodice with daisies outlining the neck.

PANSY—deep purple dress.

POPPY—bright red gauze with red shoes and stockings.

FORGET-ME-NOT—airy light blue costume with narrow green ribbon belt.

DANDELION—yellow costume.

DAHLIA—dark red dress, striped with black.

SWEET PEA—pink and white costume.

CROCUS—blue and white striped skirt with white blouse.

ROSE—pale pink dress trimmed with festoons of roses.

SCENE: Make stage as "woodsy" as possible with boughs, moss, vines, flowers, etc. FLORA is seated on flower-covered throne at left of stage. Flowers are grouped as follows: ROSE kneels at stage center with VIOLET and FORGET-ME-NOT standing on either side of her. POPPY and LILY-OF-THE-VALLEY are at right front, arms around each other. TULIP, DANDELION and PANSY form group at right back; DAHLIA, SWEET PEA and DAISY at left back, while CROCUS kneels in front of FLORA'S throne.

MUSIC: Music is played softly on piano as accompaniment while flowers hum tune, with swaying movement.

[*Kneeling girls rise.*]

FLORA [*rising*]. At your wish I meet you here to-day to choose a queen among the flowers. It is time that it was done, and I gladly give up my throne to the one who seems the most fitted to ascend to it. But before I decide as to that, I should like to hear from all. Let each say what she has to say. We will begin with the youngest, Crocus. [FLORA *sits.*]

CROCUS [*courtesying and speaking timidly*]. Please, dear Flora, all I can say is that my nature is too timid for me to think of such a thing as being queen. I know I come early, but that is all the boldness I can lay claim to. [*Courtesies and retires to back center.*]

[POPPY *and* LILY-OF-THE-VALLEY *come before* FLORA *and courtesy.*]

LILY-OF-THE-VALLEY. I feel as Crocus does. I know I have a sweet perfume and am greatly loved, but I was not born for courts.

POPPY [*with dignity*]. I think I could grace a throne, but I am happy as I am. Possibly I am not dainty enough for such a position. [*They courtesy and retire to former place.*]

[DAHLIA *comes before* FLORA *and courtesies.*]

DAHLIA. I am too humble a flower to lay any claims to a throne. It quite satisfies me to be an attendant of the queen you may choose. [*Courtesies and retires.*]

[DAISY and SWEET PEA *come forward.*]

DAISY [*laughingly*]. Dear Flora, you know I haven't time to attend to the duties of a queen; I am such a busy flower! Don't think of me!

SWEET PEA [*modestly*]. My health, as you all know, is not very good. I pray you to choose some one more robust. [*They retire to former places.*]

DANDELION [*decidedly*]. I have many reasons for not aspiring to the throne. In the first place, I am a humble flower of the farm. Then it would be most unbecoming for a queen to retire as early as is my habit. Again, I could not let anything interfere with my duty of telling the children what o'clock it is and whether or not their mothers want them. [*Goes back to former place after courtesying.*]

FLORA. Well, well, I did not expect to find so much modesty. Are we not to have a queen after all? Come, Tulip, what have you to say?

[TULIP *advances to throne with dignity and courtesies.*]

TULIP. I think I possess a great fitness for a throne. I am tall, stately, and dignified. You will not be sorry if you choose me. [*Courtesies and retires.*]

[PANSY *comes forward.*]

PANSY. You may remember that I wear the regal dress. Look at my rich gown! Would it not become a queen? [*Courtesies and goes back to former place.*]

FLORA. Here, at least, are two who are willing to ascend to my throne. But Rose, Violet and Forget-Me-Not, we have not heard from you all this time.

[VIOLET *comes to throne leading* FORGET-ME-NOT.]

VIOLET. Oh, dear Flora, let me speak not only for myself, but for Forget-Me-Not, who is too timid to speak for herself. We are such tiny flowers we feel that we are not suited to adorn a throne. To be loved is all we ask for. [*They courtesy and retire up stage to* CROCUS, *leaving* ROSE *alone at stage center.*]

FLORA. And you, Rose? What have you to say?

ROSE [*courtesying very low where she stands*]. Nothing, dear Goddess.

FLORA. You are as modest as you are beautiful, dear Rose. And upon you falls my choice of queen. [*Murmur of approval from flowers.*] Flowers, I see that you agree with me! [FLOWERS *nod yes,* TULIP *and* PANSY *a little reluctantly.*] And now, dear Rose—[*producing a crown or wreath of flowers*]—it is my pleasure to crown you—[*coming down to* ROSE *and placing crown upon her head*]—Queen of the Flowers! To you I yield my throne. [*Leads* ROSE *to throne.*] Subjects, let each of you pay homage to your queen!

[*Flowers come one by one before throne, kneel a moment, kiss* ROSE'S *hand, then pass off. Soft music.*]

WHISPERING BIRD.

VERSE PANTOMINE FOR ANY NUMBER.

MARIE G. MACDONALD.

COSTUME: Short print frock, white pinafore and sunbonnet. Hair in two braids.

POINTS: Children stand behind curtain in four rows facing side of stage. As curtain rises they slowly turn, face audience and make deep courtesy. Reader stands at side of stage out of sight of audience and recites while children go through pantomime.

WHEN Daddy and we go a-walking in spring
[Weight R. foot retired; R. arm sweeps to R.]

We listen and listen to hear the birds sing,
[Weight carried to L. oblique; L. hand carried to L. ear in listening attitude, head oblique.]

The robins and finches and kinglets we've heard,
[Carry R. foot forward full weight; arms wreathed over head, head R. oblique; eyes raised; face bright. Hold same position through following line.]

The warblers and thrushes, but never a word,

No never a chirp from the whispering bird.
[Slowly return to position; carry L. foot forward full weight; R. hand to level of chin, back on wrist; L. hand holding skirt; L. foot L. oblique; face laughing.]

We've often thought over the birds that we know
[Weight R. foot retired; L. arm carried across body at waistline, palm supporting elbow of R. arm, R. hand caressing cheek; eyes down. Hold same position through next line.]

To see if there's one that would probably go

And whisper to mamma of us on the sly;
[Take short step to R. oblique; L. hand behind back; head drooped to L.; R. hand at L. corner of mouth.]

But not one did, they are all so shy.
[Feet together; L. hand at side; raise corner of pinafore to L. oblique with R. hand; look shy.]

Though we creep to them softly, away they all fly,
[Bend forward from waist-line, looking into nest quickly; L. foot retired; arms extended at side, floating motion.]

Yet each of the secrets that our mamma knows,
[Hands at side; pouting expression.]

A little bird told her, now which do you s'pose?
[Lean slightly, equal weight on both feet; R. hand moving up and down, first finger prominent; impatient shake of head.]

Unless it's a real little whispering bird
Who has to go tattle whatever he's heard,
[Weight L. foot retired; both hands behind back; head tossed back defiantly.]

And can't keep a secret, not even a word.
[Same position as in last line.]

We think he's a creature who never goes south,
[Raise arm from shoulder, pointing south; head moves in same direction.]

And has for a beak, just a commonplace mouth,
[Arms slowly return to sides; face front.]

With ears grown so big he can use them for wings,
[Raise arms to shoulder-level, hands drooping from wrist; head turned to R. oblique, looking over R. shoulder.]

He's not a nice little bird that chirps and sings,
But stays in corners and listens to things.
[L. arm points to L. oblique; weight L. oblique, body stooped over; R. hand holding back skirt.]

If ever we find him, we are satisfied that
It wouldn't be naughty to call in the cat,
[Slowly return to position.]

But while we are looking, the very best way
[R. hand lifted to level of eyes, palm down; body turned to R. oblique and slightly drooped.]

Is just to be good as we can every day,
So the whispering bird can have nothing to say.
[L. foot forward; hold skirt with both hands, make deep old-fashioned courtesy. Curtain.]

Children's New Prayer.

William Canton.

Father, whom I can not see,
Look down from heaven on little me;
Let angels through the darkness spread
Their holy wings above my bed;
And keep me safe, because I am
The heavenly Shepherd's little lamb;
Teach me to do as I am told
And help me to be as good as gold.